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SENTIMENTAL FABLES.

^K
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

With the ORIGINAL and NOTES.

To which is prefixed,

An Essay on ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

By A COUNTRY CURATE.

—Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit—

Fabula.

HOR.

B R E N T F O R D :

Printed for the AUTHOR by P. NORBURY.

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Corner of Ludgate-Street; Mr. PIGUINET, Berkley-Square;

J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row, and J. FRENCH, in
the Poultry, London.

M,DCC,LXXV.

SENTIMENTAL TABLES

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P R E F A C E :

I N C L U D I N G

An ESSAY on ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

THE Author, tho' no friend to the pomp of Prefaces, finds it in some measure necessary to prefix one to the following work. For it may be a matter of more than mere amusement to the world, to be informed, on what presumption, a Country Curate, equally unknown to Phœbus, and the republic of letters, undertook this Translation; and in what manner he has endeavoured to perform it.

But, previous to this, the Reader may be desirous of some slight acquaintance with the Original Author. With a desire so natural, a curiosity so commendable, the Translator would cheerfully comply: but unfortunately for all parties, it is not in his power. For all he knows of him is, that he appears a native of France, and—as the world may infer, from the purity of his style, possibly a Parisian. Neither has he received any anecdotes concerning him, which might throw some light on many passages in this work; nor has he heard of any other performance of his, besides the present Fables, to make his name, whenever it is known, immortal.—With his Fables—*quisquis fuit ille*—are intermixed (which explains all the occasional references to Fable II. and the Preface) some others from a different

quarter. These were put into the Translator's hands, in manuscript, by a foreign gentleman, with an assurance of their being Originals: and as they seemed to bear so near a resemblance to the others, he was willing to adopt them into the same family, and clothe them in the same attire. Of this step the Reader will be ungrateful to complain; for both the trouble and expence fall entirely upon the adopter.

Many errors and mistakes, besides the errors of the press, may be expected, from the manner in which the Original was introduced into the world. For no *SEALIGER* supplied his animadversions, no *CASAUBON* his exertions, no *BENTLEY* his emendations, to guide in general—but occasionally to mislead—the Translator, who professes himself but an incompetent master of the language. Besides, he has been guilty of many wilful deviations from the Original; for which, as they were intended for his Readers' benefit, he expects their pardon.

It would be of no consequence to the world to be particularly informed, what inducements prevailed upon him to undertake the work. They were indeed of a nature diametrically opposite. An eminent Satyrist says, "*Facit indignatio versus.*"—And, in the present case, the encouragement of friendship, and the scurrility of malevolence,—to the former of which the Author's heart is perhaps too open, as his soul will for ever rise superior to the latter—finally determined the attempt. And, now the whole is finished, he submits it, with all the diffidence which becomes a new adventurer for fame, to the tribunal of the public; whose sentence alone must determine—Whether it must perish for ever amongst the refuse of modern publications; or escape with life, and be preserved as some small accession to the moral poetry of his country?

P R E F A C E.

Y.

Perhaps it might be looked upon as downright affectation to offer any apology for printing the Original along with the Translation. For when this method has been pursued by Mr. POPE, many years ago; when TACITUS, and the BASIA of SECUNDUS, &c. very lately,—tho' the Originals were already in several hands, have been so published; certainly the adopting of that manner, where the greater part of the Originals was but little known, and some of them entirely new, may pass uncensured.

Having thus briefly mentioned the reasons of his undertaking the work, the Author begs leave to show in what manner he has endeavoured to perform it. Perhaps his making use of the Heroic Measure may at once be an unsurmountable obstacle to its reception.—His reason for chusing that particular measure the Reader will discover in due time.—At present he grants the Hudibrastic manner, abstracted from the triplicity of his rhimes, has been till lately the general vehicle of Fables. But in opposition to this method, might not one be permitted to argue thus?—The measure adopted by PHÆDRUS is admitted as the most proper for Fables. But the measure of PHÆDRUS is the English Heroic. For so it undoubtedly is, especially if it be extended into an Alexandrine; and at all other times, as far as the Heroic line reaches. Will it not follow therefore that the English Heroic is the most proper for the language of Fables?

But waving the argument, let us proceed to Examples.—HORACE, one of the finest writers, and most accurate judges of propriety, even in the Augustan age itself, has applied the Heroic measure to more Fables than one. And the Critics unanimously agree, that he never laboured his language more

than upon these occasions. His practice therefore may give a sanction to any subsequent Fabulist who thinks proper to follow his steps. Let it be allowed then, that GAY, MOORE, and others have chosen to copy HUDIBRAS; still the sole authority of HORACE will be sufficient to turn the scale, or at least to hold it in an even balance.—But to come to a very late publication. The spirited Writer of the OECONOMY OF BEAUTY has occasionally used the Heroic measure in his elegant Fables, both in the Gothic barbarism of rhyme, and disentangled from the shackles of it. Here then is an additional authority, and of no small weight, in favour of the present measure. However, the Author is inclined to believe, that to the generality of Readers the manner of GAY will be more agreeable. He therefore confesses that it was not so much the authorities here alledged which determined him to adopt the Epic measure, as the following consideration: viz. To try by this method, (for the other would not so easily admit of it) to bring his native language to a greater variety of Versification than had ever been attempted before.

He avows, that he does not pretend to dictate to any man living, from a great many of whom he would be proud to learn; nor to blame any writer,—except himself. But he humbly submits it to the learned world (if indeed the learned world think it not below their notice) to determine this affair.

No Person can entertain a higher veneration for the celebrated English Poets, than the Author. 'Tis therefore with the utmost regret that he mentions what appears to him a blemish in those—the least spark of whose poetic spirit he is ambitious to acquire. But he honestly confesses, that he seldom

peruses them, without perceiving something in their RHYMES and PAUSES disgusting to his ear.

The incomparable Bard of Twick'nam, he believes, is proposed as a model for all future versifiers. Let us hear the critical and elegant MELMOTH's opinion on this subject.—“Thus, EUPHRONIUS, says he, I have brought before you some of the most renown'd of our British bards, contending, as it were, for the prize of Poetry: And there can be no doubt to whom it belongs. Mr. POPE, seems, indeed, to have raised our numbers to the highest possible perfection of strength and harmony: and, I fear, all the praise that the best succeeding Poets can expect, as to their versification, will be, that they have happily imitated his manner.”*

Since then the manner of Mr. POPE is considered as the standard of orthodox versification, let us examine—with all the deference due to so superior a genius,—in what this orthodoxy consists. To this purpose, it will be necessary to recur to his own Letter to Mr. WALSH on this subject,—without scrupulously taking his observations in order as they lie.

And to lessen, in some measure, the odium of this scrutiny, The Writer begs it may be observed, that he presumes not to oppose any one of those rules; but only to try whether some few of them may not, by a little culture, be raised to an higher degree of perfection. Mr. POPE says, “There are indeed certain niceties, which tho' not much observed even by correct Versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded. I would object to the Repetition of the same Rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the ear thro' their Monotony.”

* Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's Letters, vol. 2.

The Translator is humbly persuaded, that a very great amendment in this case is absolutely necessary. Permit us to waste a few moments on this subject. The English tongue is very fruitful,—perhaps above all others,—in elegant and harmonious terminations: and therefore may, with a little management, supply a sufficient number of Rhimes. Let us therefore suppose that our vowels and diphthongs furnish us with only twelve different sounds; in this case, there is no necessity for a repetition of even the same sounds, in twenty-four lines. And supposing there are but ten different terminations belonging to each of these sounds, (we speak now of terminations that sound well) then there might be 480 lines:—and supposing for the different tenses of verbs, and plural numbers of nouns not ending in e final,—double the number,—or to be more exact, —only half the number, because several of these would coincide with the original terminations,—then there would be no less than 720 lines, or 360 distichs, without one repetition. Does not then Mr. POPE, by allowing the occasional return of the identical sounds within four or six lines, fall short, amazingly short—of the variety which might be attained? Certainly, in the one case, the repetition might be deferred 140, and in the other 90 times as long. Now when 90 is the standard of perfection, he who will allow himself to fall 89 times short of it, can never be said to have taken much pains to obtain it. It will be observed, that the Author is speaking of what is possible to be done by way of improvement in this case, and not of the necessity of doing it. For a person must be obliged to string every Rhime, as he makes use of it, in the same manner that school-boys do birds' eggs; or at least have a string of Rhimes, and dash out every one as soon as he has done with it, to

come to this unnecessary perfection. But the Author, "To others mild, as to himself severe,"—without presuming to dictate to others, especially in works of length, has laid it down as a rule to himself (as he foresaw it might without much difficulty be followed,) never to admit the repetition of the same Rhymes into the longest of these Fables. And he believes he has invariably pursued it; as invariably, as the unanswerable, immortal CHILLINGWORTH did the directions laid down by his antagonist for the management of his answer.

Another fault, at least a blemish, similar to the last, frequently recurs in the best Versifiers: which is, the closing of eight or ten lines together, or more, with different Rhymes, indeed, but with the same long vowel unvariedly preserved.—A few examples will make this very intelligible. And they shall be drawn from an excellent writer, whom, out of the sincerest reverence, the Author will not name. Thus we find—*—race, chase—fame, game—head, said—day, away—share, war—grace, race, —*—and a few pages after—*—plain, vein—survey, away—name, game, fame—praise, days—remains, veins. —*—And *pain, vain—dispair, pray'r—state, hate—grace, race—*and debates, fates—*—age, sage—ordain pain—obey, way—state, fate;* and after only two intermediate lines—*remain, train—bear, war, care—frame, name.* Now let any man read 8, 10, or 12 of these lines together, ending with the sound of the same long vowel, and answer ingenuously, Whether he does not feel something offensive to his ear?—To deal honestly with his Readers, the Author would not have mentioned this observation, which he does not recollect to have met with before, had it not been to condemn himself for a fault which he has been guilty of too often; tho' he believes, not above two Rhymes together.

Once more, he is persuaded, that imperfect Rhimes are a real fault in Versification. And as to the common allusion made, in defence of this, to the use of discords in music; it is certainly ill pointed, and can properly refer only the occasional introduction of a trochee, anapaest, or spondee, in the beginning or middle of a verse, but can never be extended to the close. Accordingly he has been careful to discard all disputable Rhimes,—or at least he believes he has not admitted them above once or twice thro' the whole performance. And in like manner, to gratify the ear as much as possible—which perhaps was no ill policy, as he found he had few opportunities of amusing the fancy, or touching the heart—he has made choice of the best sounding syllables in our language to finish his lines; and has not once, so far as he recollects, introduced any ill-sounding Rhimes, unless it was with a view to express something disagreeable.

But to proceed—to the CASUAL PAUSES. Mr. POPE says, “Every nice ear must (I believe) have observed, that in any smooth English verse of ten syllables, there is naturally a pause at the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable. It is upon these the ear rests, and upon the judicious change and management of which depends the variety of Versification. Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact harmony and variety, the pauses of the fourth or sixth should not be continued above three lines together, without the interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the ear with one continued tone, at least it does mine: That at the fifth runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much tho' it be continued longer.” Surely there is room for improvement here. Mr. POPE

himself has carried the pause at least one syllable further in some of his later works.

Mr. DRYDEN, in his dedication of the *Æneid* to the Marquis of NORMANBY, says, "I have long had by me the materials of an English Prosodia, containing all the mechanical rules of Verification, wherein I have treated with some exactness of the Feet, the Quantities, and the Pauses,—But since I have not strictly observed those rules myself, which I can teach others," and after many other reasons summarily given—"And above all, since your Lordship has advised me not to publish that little which I know, I look on your counsel as your command, which I shall observe inviolably, till you shall please to revoke it, and leave me at liberty to make my thoughts public."—Thus far Mr. DRYDEN. What were the rules which that eminent Writer laid down, and which he generously acknowledges he has not strictly observed, we pretend not to know: But every one will find that he has observed a greater variety in this particular, notwithstanding the hurry in which he wrote, and his want of time to correct, than either the Translator of HOMER, or the subsequent Translator of VIRGIL. Permit us to consider this matter a little. Suppose there are only four places on which the ear may rest,—tho' it is certain the *Cæsura* may occasionally fall on the third, or be continued to the eighth syllable—even in this case it may be varied *ad infinitum*. For by Permutation, it will easily appear that, altho' according to Mr. POPE's rule, the variety of the pauses would not be more than 6; yet by resting, occasionally on the third, it would extend to 24 lines, and by carrying it to the seventh place, which is very frequent in MILTON, it might be continued 120 lines; and by protracting it to the

eight, would reach to 720 lines together. 'Tis certain, there is no necessity of ringing changes on the caesural pauses, in this extraordinary manner; but when the variation might be so far continued, the resting several times together on the very same place, seems a lazy endeavour after perfection. May one be permitted to say, that Mr. POPE *writ booty* (if one may be allowed the expression) in this case? and because he found the lines would naturally rest on the fourth and fifth places, therefore laid it down as a rule to himself that they should do so, for several times together; and generously allowed the same latitude to others? That this is more than mere conjecture, may be proved by a very easy experiment. Let any person sit down to write 20 lines in verse, and one might venture a trifling wager, that 10, or 12 of them at least will have the caesura on the fourth or fifth places,—and on the very same place for several times together.

The Author is more confirmed in his persuasion that this variety is in some degree necessary, from the remark of a gentleman of singular eminence in the polite, and literary world; who, when this was first named to him, immediately answered “—Mr. POPE either neglected or forgot this.” And he is still more convinced of it from the practice of the amiable AKENSIDE, who, besides every other accomplishment of a complete Poet, has varied his rests (and it would never be without design) for a whole page together.—Accordingly the Author has diversified his pauses without intermission, excepting in an instance or two, which was done intentionally to try whether his Reader will find out the omission.

The Author is well aware of an observation which the Reader, on the perusal of his Fables, will naturally make: viz.

That his Pegasus was so spiritless, that it required no more than a feeble hand to manage him as he pleased. The remark is readily admitted: but he begs leave, in return, to observe that, had the aerial courser been twice as untractable, he could have guided him with ease. And as he hopes there are within the realm five hundred good as he, and possibly fifty times better; therefore, supposing a *Muse*, or a horse of fire, or at least an hundred times more unmanageable than his, still he or she might be governed, if it were necessary, in the same manner. For he is modestly of opinion, that 50 bears the same proportion to 100, that 1 does to 2.

It may be high time to proceed to other rules of Mr. POPE. As to the case of the Elision of the former vowels when two of them accidentally appear to jostle one another; he leaves the point to be settled between Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN, —or more properly to the ear, which has been his sole directress in this matter. —And with respect to the *do*, and the *did* of our forefathers, —where those expletives were made use of to assist the rhymes, and not merely to strengthen the affirmation, he declares, he assures the world that he *did* not intend from the first to have any thing to *do* with them. —As to the Alexandrine lines, for which Mr. DRYDEN is blamed by Mr. POPE, on account of their being too frequently introduced into his later works; the Author is inclinable to believe that they were employed in a great manner to diversify his pauses. For his own part, he does not recollect that he has ever had recourse to them, but when he thought them necessary to describe something of real or affected pomp; or occasionally to give a greater solemnity to the conclusion of his *Morals*. —He is persuaded that his Readers will think it requisite that he

should quit this subject. He proceeds therefore to another, in which he entirely agrees with Mr. POPE; which is, the making of the sound an echo to the sense. "It is not enough, says he, that nothing offends the ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very sounds, as well as words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a style of sound. As in describing a gliding stream, the numbers should run easy and flowing; in describing a rough torrent or deluge, sonorous and swelling, and so of the rest. This is evident every where in HOMER and VIRGIL, and no where else that I know of to any observable degree. This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the image on the reader." Unhappily for himself, he finds this tenet stubbornly controverted by a living writer, whose works were some years ago considered as an ornament to his country, and to human nature. The celebrated Author of the Rambler, after some just strictures on Mr. POPE's Essay on Criticism, where this beauty was intended, but unsuccessfully, at least in his opinion, to be exemplified,—has the following remark. "From these lines laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival Wit, may be judged what can be expected from the most diligent endeavours after this imagery of sounds." The Author may say with more justice, what can be expected from him, in answer to this bold attack from so formidable an antagonist? Most evidently this conclusion, were it ever so true, is unfairly drawn. For, by what laws of argumentation can it be proved, that because one man has seemingly failed in one attempt, therefore both he and every man living must for ever fail in every attempt of a similar nature? Would it not from hence follow, that because the Writer of this Preface

if he had undertaken a periodical work, the Rambler, for instance, would have been unequal to it; therefore Dr. JOHNSON himself could not write it; and that therefore there is no such a performance? It is not a little surprizing, that so complete a master of language should have received so invincible an antipathy to one of its greatest beauties.—In the Grammar prefixed to his Dictionary, Dr. WALLIS is introduced speaking thus: “In the native words of our language is to be found a great agreement between the letters and the thing signified; and therefore the sounds of letters smaller, sharper, louder, closer, softer, stronger, clearer, more obscure, and more stridulous, do very often intimate the like effects in the thing signified.” Afterwards, in many instances which he gives,—“and in many more, we may observe,” says he, “the agreement of such sort of sounds with the things signified; and this so frequently happens, that scarce any language that I know can be compared with ours.” Which words Dr. JOHNSON prefaces thus: “The following remarks, extracted from WALLIS, are ingenious, but of more subtlety than solidity, and such as perhaps might in every language be enlarged without end.” Is there a spice of the same aversion here? or has the Dr. unwarily granted, as before he had proved, too much?—But leaving the two Doctors to settle this point, the Author refers his Reader,—whither indeed every Reader is generally referred on this occasion, to Dr. CLARKE’s Notes on the third book of HOMER’s Iliad. And that eminent Divine, whatever might be his fondness for HOMER, ’tis well known, was not too easy in admitting any truth but what appeared with intuitive evidence, or was built on the clearest deductions of reason. To Dr. CLARKE’s opinion therefore, which indeed is the opinion of the

whole critical world, except one man, the Author hopes he may, in this instance, without any imputation of heresy, subscribe. For he has not yet discovered, that singularity, any more than ridicule, is the test of truth. Accordingly he has frequently endeavoured, with what success he pretends not to determine, to express that beauty. In the doing of it, it will be easily perceived that he laboured under more disadvantages than any other writer,—at least, Translator—since the days of HOMER: He says Translator, because it is remarked* that LUCRETIVS turned these beauties of HOMER into Latin, and that VIRGIL altered them from him. And therefore POPE and PITT, their two spirited Translators, had every where this compass to steer by; and have, to their honour, generally kept their eyes upon it. But the present Translator had not so much as a single hint in this case, from the Original; and therefore was left as much without a guide as the Father of poetry himself. He could easily, in his Notes, after the example of other Annotators, have pointed out the places where he has endeavoured at it; and most certainly would have done it, if the work had been another's. But it will be more pleasure to him to be informed that any critical Reader has perceived thirty or forty instances of it, than if he himself had held out to view more than twice the number.

Having now dispatched the great Mr. POPE, and his observations, for with Monosyllable-lines he believes he has not much concern, the Author takes the liberty to enter upon a subject, which to every man living, is of the greatest consequence—
HIMSELF.

* See Warton's Notes on the Æneid.

The Reader will discover, as he turns over the following Fables, that the Author is under an engagement to defend himself, if some of his compound epithets appear too bold. But, upon as much recollection as the hurry of a school will allow him, he is persuaded that there is no great occasion for that objection to his style; nor consequently for any laboured justification of himself on that score. He confesses that he has occasionally placed an Hyphen between some few words which he had never seen so amicably coupled before;—not to mention his having introduced two or three words into his native language, without the shadow of an authority; yet he modestly hopes, that the crime is not beyond the limits of critical forgiveness. For he observes that both of these liberties are used every day, by writers—with whom indeed he is not worthy to be named. But, as some apology for himself, he begs leave to remark, that the courtiers, who took it into their *heads* to hold them in a particular manner, in imitation of a celebrated monarch, were never utterly condemned for so doing.

His style, he means his colloquial style, has been blamed by his friends, perhaps with more reason. Very possibly, many of his speakers may not speak in character. Tho', by the bye, Mr. POPE himself admits, that mute speakers (pardon the expression) may be suffered to speak out of character, without any ridicule.—But has not the same objection been made—he begs pardon for the vanity of this observation—to VIRGIL himself?—Will the Reader be indulgent enough to excuse a short digression?

'Tis universally agreed among the Critics, that the character of ÆNEAS was intended for AUGUSTUS. Let us see then if VIRGIL, who has been very ingeniously, and with great appearance of reason, accused of making his Hero talk too poeti-

ally in his narrative to Dido, may not in a great measure be exculpated by means of this single postulatam. Most assuredly the Poet may be expected to pay his munificent patron a profusion of compliments in return for a profusion of favours. Surely from that delicate master of polite flattery, who omitted no opportunity of paying his court to the first families in Rome, in the emperor's favour,—not to mention his oblique reflections on those who shared his master's displeasure—, this might be expected. Was then AUGUSTUS CÆSAR that humane prince, which the Hero of the *Æneid* is every where represented to be? No. 'Tis allowed that he was a cool deliberate tyrant. Was he, or wished he to be a Poet? SÆTONTIUS more than intimates that he had made some essays in that path. Will it not follow then, that as the Poet by an elegant flattery taught his Patron his duty in the one instance; so by a flattery no less soothing he might exalt his Hero into an excellent Poet, in the other? At the expence of his poetical judgment in this case, 'tis granted. But had not VIRGIL already sacrificed his poetical conscience, (if we may so speak)—for DRYDEN says he was undoubtedly a republican,—in the former? Let this be admitted, and the accusations of a celebrated critic* will be considerably abated. For then it will follow, that VIRGIL is not so injudicious in making his hero, by far too great a poet: that VIRGIL does not forget that *ÆNEAS* is speaking, and not himself: that it was not so unnatural and offensive to propriety, for him to stop, when he is describing the desolation of his own city, to make a laboured comparison about a fire sieging a field of corn, and a shepherd listening to the roarings of a torrent, &c.

* See Warton on the second *Æneid*.

Perhaps this digression, if it should in some degree exculpate the prince of poets; (tho', like the learned MEDE's manner of accounting for the Devil's success in tempting EVE, it may turn upon too many suppositions;)—yet still may be no excuse for the Author. Therefore let us examine some other instances in the same divine Poet. Do his Shepherds in his Pastorals express themselves, (for sentiment is entirely out of the question) do they speak exactly in the same manner in which one may imagine Shepherds spoke in his time, or in the days of his Sicilian master?—For the supposition of a golden age in this case is entirely given up by the most learned critics.—On the contrary, are not some of his most satirical, are not some of his most melodious lines put into their mouths?—In like manner, do not ACHEMENIDES and ENTELLUS, to name no more, lift their language, without blame, far above the reach of their birth, education, and profession? If they do, then why may not some of the following speakers tread occasionally in their steps, and tread uncensured?—But if his style in these Fables is sometimes too elevated in conversation; he confesses that it is frequently too liable to be blamed for an opposite defect in the cooler parts of description. He acknowledges that he had the well-known rule of the *Stagyrite* before him on these occasions; and hopes he has in some instances, tho' very possibly but a few, availed himself of it. Undoubtedly the work would have been more finished, had he received the assistance of a learned friend; whose merit, as a Clergyman, a Scholar, and a Teacher, entitle him to every encouragement from an indulgent public. But, unfortunately his spirits were so much wasted with the daily fatigue of teaching the classics, (tho' it was after the very same kind of fatigue, that the Translator amused

himself in pursuing the present work) that his assistance in taking part of the task could not be obtained.

Since then a great part, not to say the whole, was written, at a very great disadvantage; when the poetic spirit—he recalls the expression—when the spirit of versifying could operate but very feebly; as the subject of Fables, luckily for him, did not demand any extraordinary exertion of language; as all he could pretend to was only *mediocrity*, (and happily HORACE is not alive to condemn him, tho' many of equal taste and abilities are) therefore some excuse may be pleaded for undertaking the attempt.—But, for the publishing of it, what can be said? Nothing, but what has been said already.—As it is, if it should have the good fortune to escape utter condemnation, the Author promises on some future subject to labour more strenuously for the public indulgence; and in the mean time to send abroad the present trifle more completely finished, whenever he shall receive encouragement enough to hazard a new edition.

School, April 27, 1775.

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If any Mistakes have been committed in this Catalogue, the Author is very sorry for it; and hopes to be excused, as they were not made intentionally.

* * While this sheet was printing, the Translator was unexpectedly informed, that the whole work had been revised and corrected by an eminent divine. This was no small surprize both to himself, and to his venerable friend, who, till this hour has not seen above two of the Fables. How therefore any person could revise a work, in these circumstances, is a little unaccountable. 'Twill be much more rational to ascribe the merit or demerit of the whole performance to the real Author, than to make him answerable, after all his pains, for nothing but the following

E R R A T A.

P. 17, l. 28. for *dropp'd* read *dash'd*.—P. 42, Notes, for *drams* read *dreams*.—P. 55, l. 40. dele *an*.—P. 71, l. 21. for *aim* read *arm*.—P. 80, Notes, for *so pluck'd* read *to pluck*.—P. 92. before *Imitations* read *Notes and*.—P. 100, Notes, for *the* read *she*.—P. 124, Notes, for *would* read *could*.—P. 125, l. 2. for *and an owl*, read *end and owl*.

A few mistakes in *punctuation* will be found in some of the following Fables, which the learned Reader will candidly excuse, and the less learned easily overlook.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Translator finds himself under a kind of necessity of writing a small Commentary upon his Work. This circumstance arises from a slight change in the intended mode of printing it, which was to place the Translation and the Original on the same page; the former above, and the latter in a smaller type below. But, on consulting with a Gentleman of singular eminence and experience in the literary world, he was immediately advised not to be guilty, by any means, of such an *Hysteron-proteron* in publication. This hint from one, whose opinion the author looks upon as *instar omnium*, gave a new turn to the intended plan of operations. It was judged an impropriety, to place the French, which made, comparatively, so small a figure, above the English; and the printing of it on the opposite page, without any *succedaneum*, would afford a disagreeable chasm to the eye. To escape, therefore, out of this dilemma, the Translator has made choice of the present method: Which, not to mention his want of time, and many other reasons, will be no very pleasing labour to him, on this account, as it will in all probability draw upon him the imputation of vanity: an odium which his small pretensions would willingly avoid; and to which no human merit whatever can be a sufficient counterbalance. But to keep as far as possible from so dangerous a rock, he will be particularly cautious to confine his Notes to his occasional Deviations from the Original; —and to such Allusions to our English and other Poets as may seem to have given any incidental hint to him in translating. With the last of these articles, tho' he believes they will be very few, the Reader will have no reason to be dissatisfied: as they will, beyond a doubt, be the most shining ornaments of this Volume.

B JANUARY 16, 1775.

FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE II.

Le VENT et les HOMMES.

IL prit envie au Vent de plaire à tout le monde.

Le grand œuvre, et cela, ce sont deux beaux projets. —

Je ne veux plus, disoit-il, qu'on me gronde.

Ainsi la mer jouira désormais

D'une tranquillité profonde. —

Je ne soulèverai plus l'onde :

Les vaisseaux, vogueront en paix.

Il promit, et tint sa promesse.

Qu' arrive-t-il ? Vingt mille matelots,

Par un calme perfide arrêtés sur les eaux,

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

The present Fable has no title to precedency in the following Collection, on the account either of its intrinsic dignity, the fancy employed in the

3. The starving chymist in his golden views

Supremely blest.

Pope.

4. Fast-yellowing.] The Author does not pretend to give any authority for the participle *yellowing*, as no verb can be found from whence

SENTIMENTAL FABLES.

FABLE I.

The WIND and MANKIND.

INFLATE with boundless complaisance, the WIND
Once nobly aim'd to please all human kind.
—Shortly the raptur'd chymist may behold
His fusile ore fast-yellowing into gold!
“Man's restless bosom shall no more complain,
“Nor curse the blustering hoarfeness of my reign.
“Not the least curling gale shall gently sweep
“The peaceful surface of the even deep:
“My voice! awake no more the slumbering tide;
“And smoothly, keels! along the level glide.”
He spoke:—Creation heard his sovereign will;
Hush'd, ev'ry breeze dropp'd; ev'ry wave stood still.
But oh! the dread event! tow'rs the wish'd shore
Full twice ten thousand sailors roll no more;
And, as enchanted by fell Circe's wand,
Becalm'd, a rooted forest, whole fleets stand.

4 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Dans le désespoir qui les presse,
Inventent contre lui cent juremens nouveaux.
Quoi ! dit le Vent, on me maudit encore,
Malgré mes soins, n'entendrai-je jamais
Qu' injures, plaintes, et regrets ?
Si je soufflois du côté de l'Aurore,
Peut-être les humains seroient-ils satisfaits.
Essayons. — Il essaie, et n'a pas l'avantage
De se féliciter sur son heureux succès.
D'une part on le loue, et de l'autre on l'outrage,
On le déteste, on lui fait son procès.
Le Vent de plus en plus s'étonne,
Il réfléchit, il médite, il soupçonne,
Que, s'il se place vers le nord,
Il ne chagrinera personne.
Point du tout. On murmure, on le maudit encore.
Il tourne au sud. Toujours plaintes nouvelles.
Vers l'Occident il prend enfin leffor,
Et toujours il reçoit mille injures cruelles.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

original, or the excellency of the translation. For the translator hopes that many of the ensuing will be found greatly its superior in almost

it can be derived: but perhaps, Shakspeare himself, and the great originals who have succeeded him, might be reduced to some small difficulty to account, grammatically, for many a *verbum ardens*.

10. *But smoothly, &c.* Here is manifestly an imitation of that celebrated line in Virgil,—*Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas*— But, with what success, is humbly submitted to the ear of Criticism.

12. *Hush'd, ev'ry, &c.* The stillness of the ocean is here endeavoured to be represented by throwing eight long syllables into the line.

20. And courts to courts return it round and round. *Pope.*

40. A breath exalts him, and a breath o'erthrows. *Pope.*

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 3

The shades of black despair around them dwell,
And new-forg'd oaths spring flaming up from hell;
Each voice rebellows the infernal sound,
And ships to ships return it round and round. 20

"How vain the glorious favour of my views?
"Still censures, curses my stunn'd ear abuse!
"Say, what untry'd pursuit will sweetly charm
"Th'outrageous frenzy of this wild alarm?
"With placid breeze suppose the Eastwind blow, 25
"And, gently lifted, the mild waters flow;
"Pleas'd with the welcome voice, will grateful man
"Obsequious bow, and hail the happy plan?
"Breathe, gentle Eurus."—Eurus gently brings
Arabia's gales, and shakes his spicy wings. 30

In vain!—th'injurious fates his hopes depress,
Nor, stern, his useless trial deign to bless.
Who sweep the furies towards the western rays,
Bless the kind hand, and sound the breeze's praise;
Who tow'rs the rising morn pursue their course 35
Bless the late calm, transform'd from bad to worse.

The Wind, astonish'd, lifts his pensive eyes,
And views th'unthankful seamen with surprize:
On every side his vain conjectures turns;
Now hope exalts him, and now fury burns. 40
"Perforce, the Northern Wind's exalted voice
"Must charm the world, and ev'ry heart rejoice.
"Hoarse Boreas, bluster:"—naught his blasts avail;
Murmur the Greenland whalers still, and rail.

Next to the Western main his course he steers, 45
And tow'rs Peru the swelling billows rears.

6 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Reconnoissant alors (moins tard eût été mieux)
Combien son projet est frivole,
Il fait serment sur la barbe d'Eole,
Qu'a tout le genre humain, genre capricieux,
Opposé d'intérêt, de goût, de caractère,
Il ne cherchera plus à plaire.
Oui, dit-il, à dater de cet instant je veux
Souffler comme à mon ordinaire.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.
every one of these respects. But he has chosen to give it a place here, as a kind (tho' perhaps an odd kind) of apology for the difficulty of this undertaking.

45.] The reader will excuse the sending of the Wind to the West before the South; as it seems the more natural road.

63.] The Translation had undoubtedly an eye to the following passage:

Go, wond'rous creature, mount where science guides;
Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.

POPE.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 7

Who thence for China plow the briny foam,
Arraign the storm, nor reach their destin'd home.

At last, to distant Aufer's realms he fled:

"Go, o'er the Ocean thy rough pinions shed:"

Then Britons, born tow'rds Otaheita's soil,

Against th' opposing surges vainly toil;

And roll'd on mountain waves, tumultuous pour

‘Their oaths’ dread thunders in a vollied show’r.

The weary Wind laments,—laments too late,

His airy projects' unsuccessful fate:

Swears a tremendous oath, by winds rever'd !

Swears by thy whiskers, *Æolus* ! and thy beard ;

"From this first moment, as in ages past,

“ Calmly, or fierce shall flow the various blast :

"The foaming Ocean swell, or sleep uncurl'd,

"Nor heed th' ungenerous murmurs of the world

Go, fimple Courtier ! please each son of dust ;

Suit each caprice, and humour every lust:

Suit every int'rest, character, and taste; ~~and~~

Then, funk thy baseless scheme, confess thy labour

2. И О Т А Т И М И баа 3. И Т О М

For this and several of the following Fables, see the Preface.
11. 12. The Fables are—(A) In this confusion cannot be just
called by sufficient authority, it will be only to read: 'forbids', in the
room of it.
17. O alone—[Nelson's more handsome and fortitude future! Vingt.
32—35.—] The Translation seems to have had in view the following
pages; but it has kept within a narrow compass, for fear of departing
too far from the Original.

3 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE II.

Le CHENE et le LIERRE.

PRES d'un Chêne orgueilleux dont la tête chenue,
Sembloit se perdre dans la nue,
Un Lierre languissoit, par terre humilié.
Quoi, dit-il, on me foule au pied,
Et je rampe dans la poussière,
Tandis qu'un Chêne audacieux,
Menace les cieux
De sa tête altière !
Mais ne pourrois-je donc m'élever comme lui ?
Le Lierre ambitieux ainsi parle et raisonne ;
Pour atteindre à ce Chêne il faut dès aujourd'hui,
Que je m'attache à sa personne,
Une forte protection
Aide bien à l'ambition.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

For this and several of the following Fables, see the Preface.

11, 12. *What restrains me—to lift?* If this construction cannot be justified by sufficient authority, it will be easy to read 'forbids,' in the room of it.

27. *O blind—*] *Nescia mens hominum fati fortisque futurae !* Virgil.

35—38.—] The Translation seems to have had in view the following passage; tho' it has kept within a narrower compass, for fear of departing too far from the Original.

FABLE II.

The OAK and the IVY.

FAR in the gloomy centre of a grove,
 Once stood, in hoary pomp, the Tree of Jove,
 Whose stately trunk, fastidious seem'd to rise,
 And push its cloud-capt summit to the skies,
 Near its strong roots, along the surface laid,
 A feeble Ivy languish'd in the shade:
 "Ah me! each wanton foot that sweeps around
 "Lays low my faded glories on the ground!
 "While this proud neighbour rears his summit high,
 "And braves, with dauntless front, the lofty sky. 10
 "Say, what restrains me, haughty Oak! like you
 "To lift my florid branches up to view?"
 Fir'd with ambitious aim, the Ivy spoke,
 To match in grandeur the exalted Oak.
 "Instant my stem shall raise its sweepy length, 15
 "And clasp with spiral arms his bulk's firm strength.
 "When bold ambition bids her vor'ries climb,
 "They all on powerful patrons soar sublime."
 The Oak's strong trunk her rising spires ascend,
 And grasping, close-embrace the sylvan friend. 20

10 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Le Lierre se cramponne au Chêne qu'il embrasse,

Dans ses rameaux il s'entrelasse ;

Et voyant que bientôt il égale en hauteur

Son puissant protecteur,

Le superbe applaudit à sa noble entreprise :

Il n'est rien tel, dit-il, que vouloir s'élever.

Mais il ne prévoit pas l'instant fatal de crise,

Dont toute sa grandeur ne pourra le sauver.

Le vieux Chêne que la coignée

Avoit épargné jusqu' alors,

De ses pareils enfin, subit la destinée.

La hache qui détruit, les arbres les plus forts,

Le coupe jusqu' en sa racine,

Et le Chêne du Lierre entraîne la ruine.

Ce dernier eut paré le coup qui la frappe,

S'il il eut feû que des grands épouseur la fortune,

Dans leur chute avec eux commune,

C'est vouloir être envelopé.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

Ac veluti fumis antiquam in montibus ornum

Cum ferro acellam crebrique bipennibus instans

Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,

Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat:

Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum

Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.

VIRGIL.

[37, 38.] The three false feet in the former of these verses were made designedly; for a reason obvious to every reader of taste: and in the latter, the fall, and the length of the Oak, are endeavoured to be represented, by the sound of the first eight syllables; and by the otherwise "needleless Alexandrine."

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 11

Each rolling season views her loftier height;
 Each rounded moon admires her tangling flight.
 Giddy with flattering hopes, superb she said,
 "Soon shall these branches reach my patron's head.
 "My grand attempt demands immortal fame. 25
 "—Fierce in each bosom, Glory's burns thy flame."

O blind to future lot! no eye foresees
 What hidden changes sleep in Fate's decrees!
 Sudden impends the crisis of thy woe,
 Nor all thy boasted grandeur shields the blow. 30

Long had the moss-rob'd Oak conspicuous stood,
 Free from the hatchet, 'midst the peaceful wood:
 But now foredoom'd, like trees of humbler state,
 Submits his aged limbs to stubborn fate.
 What Oak's firm ribs thy forceful edge withstand, 35

O axe! thick-echoing to the woodman's hand?
 His relax'd root reels to th'impetuous strokes,
 And thundering on the ground resounds the fire of Oaks.
 The close-clasp'd Ivy trembles at his bane,
 And drops in equal ruin to the plain; 40
 Whose humble stem had blest the shaded green,
 Had she this moral,—or this lot foreseen.

Live, live, thrice-happy friend, obscure, alone,
 Nor twist thy heav'n-born Freedom round a throne:
 Who lean on sceptres, must with sceptres fall; 45
 And one wide-swallowing flood o'erwhelms them all.

142 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

F A B L E III.

Les deux B U V V E U R S.

UN homme au cabaret, dit-a son compagnon,
 Cette bouteille est effroyable.
 Le vin qu' elle contient doit être détestable.
 Pourquoi? répondit l'autre. Il est peut être bon.
 Mais la bouteille est laide—Eh? mon ami, qu' importe?
 Buons toujours. Que le flacon soit laid,
 Ou qu'il soit beau, qu' est-ce que cela fait?
 Boutons sans préjugés le vin qu'on nous apporte.
 Un vil extérieur peut cacher de l'esprit:
 Mais dans le monde on juge par l'habit.

N O T E S and I M I T A T I O N S.

2.] Perhaps it might be more in character to read the line thus:
 Where Kentish brow low-hangs its grisly sign.

5, 7.] Malevolence must exert itself in an unusual manner, if it harbours the most distant suspicion that the two venerable Persons, whose lives were a blessing and ornament to humanity, and whose Works have enlightened the Christian world for near 1700 years, were meant by Peter and John: nor ought it to be supposed, that the names have any allusion to the Tale of a Tub. Candour will, with more justice, apply them to every Toper in England; and say,—Mutato nomine, de te Fabula narratur.

F A B L E III.

The Two T O P E R S.

WHERE Richmond hill exalts her princely sign,
 Two constant Topers quaff'd their evening wine:
 Once on the board appear'd, of squalid mien,
 A mouldy bottle ! nauseous to be seen !
 John deeply sigh'd, to view the tartar'd moulds,
 And swore : " Rank vapid is the wine it holds,
 " I'll stake my life !" — Says Peter, more sedate :
 " Softly, — nor from its aspect stamp its fate —"
 " The bottle's so uncouth !" — " Come, drink, my friend,
 " Let not th' appearance, — but the taste commend —"
 " Alike the juice will slake the thirsty flame,
 " From fair or ugly bottle, — 'tis the same.
 " Impartial, let us drain the sparkling flood,
 " If naught, condemn, — and high applaud, if good.
 Beneath the plainest garb how oft we find
 A sterling genius, and an angel mind ?
 But shallow wits pronounce all worth below,
 From the false tinsel of the gaudiest show.

14 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE IV.

Le VASE et L'ANSE.

UN Vase de cristal dit un jour à son anse,
 Vous ne m'êtes utile en rien.
 Pardonnez-moi, dit-elle, mon vous l'êtes je pense,
 On vous transporte, et c'est par mon moyen;
 Les beautés qu'en vous on admire,
 Aux curieux je les montre de près:
 Je ne crains pas même de dire,
 Que vous tenez de moi presque tous vos attraits.
 Ah! quelle fausseté! Plaise au ciel qu'on vous casse!
 Repliqua durement le Vase de cristal:

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

1.] The English, in this, and many other cases, has given its Dramatis Personæ "a local habitation;" which the studied brevity of the French had omitted.

5.] Annulus aureus in nare suilla. *Vetus Prover.*

16.] The Translation seems to allude to the Tower of Oblivion, mentioned by Procopius; which was a place of imprisonment among the Persians: whoever was put into it was, as it were, buried alive; and it was death for any but to name him.

FABLE IV.

The VASE and its HANDLE.

ONCE a fair Crystal, sparkling on the board,
 With raptur'd looks her beauteous form ador'd;
 Then view'd the Handle's shape with proud disdain,
 And said: "Good Zigzag, pray your use explain:
 "Useless to me, as ear-rings to an ass!"
 "Useless?—Your gracious pardon, Lady Glas."
 The Handle brisk reply'd:—"When lifted high;
 "When born around,—who claims the merit? I
 "I raise your sparkling beauties to the light,
 "I shew your brilliance in the clearest light; 10
 "I—but ungen'rous Glas! ungrateful, know,
 "I almost all your envied charms bestow."
 "Mean wretch!" indignant, the proud Vase replies,
 While flash with hot disdain her furious eyes;
 "What lies accurs'd the lips of boasters tell? 15
 "Go! take thy favours to Oblivion's cell!
 "O may some gracious arm conspire thy fall,
 "Dash'd 'gainst the pavement, or the stubborn wall!

16 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Que j'aie une anse, ou non, cela m'est fort égal —

Apprenez que de vous aisément on se passe.

Le ciel hait les ingrats, et les cœurs orgueilleux ;

Souvent, pour les punir, il exauce leurs vœux.

Entre les mains du laquais imbecile

L'anse tombe en morceaux. Désormais inutile,

Le Vase, dans un coin, déplore amèrement

La perte de son anse, et son aveuglement.

Tout homme enflé de vaine gloire,

Qui, s'étant élevé par le secours d'autrui,

Méprise ou méconnoît son ancien appui,

Doit profiter de cette histoire.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

23.] As the Spectator positively refused to have any concern in the affair of the Plumb-dumpling : so the Translator has not thought fit that any higher power should interpose in the dispute between the Drinking-Glass and its Handle, than the abandoned son of Saturn.

23.] Shook his ambrosial curls, and gave the nod,

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.

28.] ——— precipitate, down dash'd

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 17

“ To me, while native worth ensures my fame,
“ A handle, or no handle, is the same. 20

“ Perish thy form! so gracious Jove decree!

“ I owe no service, worthless thing, to thee!”

Thron'd on Olympus' brow, the thund'rer god
Receiv'd her pray'r, and bow'd the sovereign nod:

“ Haughty, ungrateful souls the Fates detest; 25

“ They yield, in vengeance, yield thy harsh request.”

A Lacquey's hand, whilst rashly rustling round,

Down-dropp'd the shivering Handle on the ground.

The boastful Vase, an useful Vase no more,

Adds its bright ruins to the lumbers' store; 30

And, in a cobweb'd corner brush'd aside,

Deplores its Handle lost, and hasty pride.

Who, once inglorious, rais'd by Friendship's hand,

Now shine aloft, conspicuous thro' the land:

If scorn'd your patron's aid, with pride elate, 35

In this vile Crystal read your destin'd fate.

The Author (as Translators sometimes love to call themselves) looks upon this as the only Aristotelian Fable in the world. The Spectator has preferred some Imitations of the same kind: But whether he collected them at Grand Cairo, or had them translated from some Pillars set up to the honour of the Aristotelians — One cannot help remarking that amongst the amazing variety of Novels which are daily pouring in upon the public, not one (so far as the Author remembers) is founded on the above-mentioned: No such a production, ingeniously executed, would certainly be well received.

A necessary and even a generous expression will be found in many parts of this Fable; but whether this necessarily arose from the subject or is a protection from danger — I cannot say: certain it adds the justice

18 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE V.

L'HOMME et le FEU.

QUAND du sein des cailloux pour la première fois
Le Feu sortit, l'homme brûla ses doigts ;
Pour s'en être approché trop vite et sans prudence :
Ah ! gardons-nous, dit-il, d'en jamais approcher ;
C'est un instrument de vengeance,
Dont pour nous châtier, se sert la Providence.
L'homme, deux jours après, forcé de ce cachet,
Pour éviter le froid, dans le creux d'un rocher,
Rappelle à son esprit la chaleur de la flâme :
Peut-être, c'est à tort, dit-il, que je la blâme.

N O T E S.

The Author (as Translators sometimes love to call themselves) looks upon this, as the only Antediluvian Fable in the world. The Spectator has preserved some Love-letters of the same date: But whether he collected them at Grand Cairo, or had them transcribed from Seth's Pillars, — is left to the decision of the Antiquarians. — One cannot help remarking, that amongst the amazing variety of Novels, which are daily pouring in upon the public, not one (so far as the Author remembers) is founded on the æra above-mentioned: tho' such a production, ingeniously executed, would certainly be well received.

A luxuriance, and even a languor of expression will be found in many parts of this Fable; but whether this necessarily arose from the subject of it, or proceeded from design, — Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 19

FABLE V.

The M A N and the F I R E.

LONG e'er the flood, when Nature's reign began,
The steel-smith flint stone furnish'd sparks to man;
The sparks a chearly fire. With wild amaze
A swain, unconscious, view'd the new-born blaze;
But urg'd by headlong transport, as he came, 5
His shrivell'd fingers caught the scorching flame.

"Dire pest!" in agonizing pain, he swore,
"Ne'er shall my cautious steps approach thee more:
"Thee, wrathful heav'n to earth in vengeance hurl'd,
"To spread dire tortures o'er a guilty world." 10

Next day,—for hoary earth was wrap'd in snow,
And with frost crusted, the streams ceas'd to flow;—
The simple swain, with piercing cold half-dead,
Far, to a cavern'd rock for shelter fled;
But fled in vain: and, shiv'ring, call'd to mind 15
The flame his hasty fears had left behind;

"Perchance, unknown its nature and its use,
"That fire is harmless, and my oaths abuse."

Again he ventures, chill'd, o'er the bleak plain,
To seek the blaze:—the blaze appears again. 20

20 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Il ose encore la chercher :
 Bientôt elle paroît ; alors, moins téméraire,
 L'homme éloigné de quelques pas,
 Jouit d'une chaleur bénigne et salutaire :
 Mais négligeant sa principale affaire,
 Il reste auprès du Feu, jusqu'à ce qu'il soit las.
 Cependant les oiseaux ont fondu sur la terre ;
 Ils en ont arraché le grain :
 Saisi d'une douleur amère,
 L'homme voit le dégât, en gemit, mais en vain.
 Instruit par son expérience,
 Feu, vous êtes, dit-il, un des plus beaux présens,
 Que les dieux puissent faire aux hommes leurs enfans ;
 Pourvu qu'on se réchauffe à certaine distance,
 Et qu'on ne reste point auprès de vous long-tems.

Jamais ne vous livrez au plaisir, même honnête ;
 On peut s'en approcher, mais non pas de trop près :
 Quiconque à ses côtés, trop constamment s'arrête,
 Perd son temps, et de plus, s'expose à des regrets.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

25.] But lost, dissolv'd, in thy superior rays.

POPE.

32.] ————— Labor perit irritus anni.

OVID.

The reader will excuse the throwing of this Moral into an Allegory ; as, in any other manner, it would not have been easy to avoid the repetition of almost the same words : and in this, 'tis hoped, it will make an equal impression on the mind.

Not now he rushes headlong to the fire,
But trembling, with faint steps, moves softly nigher;
And bending tow'rs the flame, at distance meet,
Enjoys its genial, salutary heat.

Regal'd, dissolv'd, before th'enchanting ray, 25
He wastes, luxurious, many a live-long day;
No more regards the gifts kind Ceres yields,
No more the needful business of the fields.
Meantime, no hireling plac'd his seed to tend,
In black'ning clouds the rav'nous birds descend; 30
Tear up the embryo harvest from the soil,
And lay in ruins the whole winter's toil.

At length arous'd, he mourns with bitter grief,
The fatal haveck;—mourns without relief;
And wisdom, by too late experience, taught, 35
Thus to the guiltless fire confess'd his fault:
“Than thee kind heav'n no lovelier boon imparts,
“To cheer its fav'rite offspring's drooping hearts:
“If they, restrain'd by temperance, and fear,
“Nor to thy violence, rash, approach too near; 40
“Nor, at thy fostering beams for ever plac'd,
“Their precious hours in vile indulgence waste.”

Where flattering Pleasure rolls her smiling tide,
Maintain an awful distance from the side:
Who wantons long too near its perilous course, 45
Swept by the whirlpool, sinks in deep remorse.

22 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE VI.

Le LIÈVRE et le FUSIL.

CERTAIN Chasseur dormoit profondément,
Ayant à ses côtés son arme meurtrière :

Un Lièvre passe approche doucement,

Puis à l'aspect du fatal instrument

Fait quatre ou cinq pas en arrière.

Il s'enfuit ; mais bientôt la curiosité

Le ramène, et le détermine

A retourner vers l'affreuse machine.

Il combat sa timidité—

NOTES.

1,—2.] If the compound epithets appear too bold, the reader may please to consult the Preface.

3,—*Gun, accurs'd machine.*] The Translator takes the liberty of calling it so, from the inventor of it. Polydore Virgil says : *Is tam mortiferæ machinæ repertor, pro mercede accepit, ut nomen ejus perpetuo occultaretur; ne omni tempore a cunctis mortalibus male audiret.*—*De Inventione Rerum. Lib. 2.*

As to the invention of Gunpowder, the nations upon the Continent are welcome to enjoy the honour of it, if they please. But, with submission, the Divine Author of Paradise Lost ascribes it, not obscurely, to a greater personage.—And, were it not beside the present purpose, one might observe that the same Writer attributes the origin of Punning to the same infernal

FABLE VI.

The HARE and the GUN.

OPPRESS'D with long-stretch'd toil, in peace profound,
Lay sunk the sleep-lock'd Sportsman on the ground;
Flung careless by, his GUN, accurs'd machine!
In polish'd splendors flash'd afloat the green.

Softly along the path, with watchful air, 5
Now listening stood, now pac'd the timid HARE:
But when the fatal engine pierc'd her sight,
She twice three bounds springs backwards with affright,
And flies with eagle speed: surrounding fears
Flash in her eyes, and thunder in her ears. 10
Slow ebb her terrors: soon a curious flame
Arrests her soul, and kindles thro' her frame.
To view the polish'd gun, the female burns,
That hideous engine,—there her dread returns.

On hesitation's beam, her soul distress'd 15
By wishful awe, hangs balanc'd in her breast.
Her hopes prepond'rate: lightly mounts her fear;
And slow her hardier steps move, trembling, near.
She listens;—stops:—walks round with cautious stride,
And all its fabric views on every side. 20

24 FABLES SENTIMENTALES

Déjà moins craintif il s'avance
Vers l'instrument—Il devient plus hardi ;
Le considère avec plus d'assurance,
Et du bout de son nez le heurte en étourdi.—
Que fais tu, Lièvre téméraire ?
Dit le Fusil—Redoute ma colère.—
Je porte dans mon sein la mort ;
Je terrasse le cerf—Quoi ; tu restes encore !
Oui, répond l'animal : Je ris de tes menaces :
Ton maître est endormi ; son paisible sommeil
Me met à couvert des disgrâces,
Et je ne crains que son réveil :
Dirigé par sa main puissante,
Tu fêmes par-tout l'épouvante :
Mais sans lui tu n'es rien que du fer et du bois—
Si le Juge s'endort, à quoi servent les Loix ?

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

Being:—tho', it must be confessed, it is very innocently practised by many of the sons of men.

10.] ————— His dreadful voice no more

Would thunder in my ears.

MILTON.

15.] Whoever should refuse to enter upon any excellent work, till every probable or possible objection of scrupulosity was removed, would hang in the hesitancy of doubt all the days of his life.

DODD.

15,—16] 'Tis needless to remark, that this passage alludes to Jupiter's scales in Homer, and to the fine improvement of that thought in Milton.

31.] Disdainfully half smiling thus reply'd.

MILTON.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 25

No thunder heard, no voice, approaching bold,
With firm assurance strokes th' undreaded mold :
Now down the barrel's length, advenurous, blows ;
Now 'gainst the perilous trigger tips her nose.

"What dost thou here?" th' indignant engine said : 25

"Rash HARE ! the issues of my vengeance dread !

"Death flashes, in fierce thunder, from my womb ;

"Nor light'ning-footed fawn elude the doom.

"Fly.—Still, presumptuous ! tread this fatal plain?"

"Fly? What, from thee? from thee expect my bane?" 30

The HARE, with smiling frown, contemptuous spoke ;

"Sure, goodman Thunderer, sure you only joke.

"No, GUN ! thy empty threatnings I despise,

"While peaceful slumbers seal thy master's eyes :

"My steady soul no blasts of terror shake, 35

"Till that dire moment when his lids awake :

"Then, levell'd by his firm tremendous hand,

"Thou spread'st thy deathful ruins o'er the land ;

"But, he apart, I spurn thy boastful speech,

"Thou iron bug-bear, cas'd in paltry beech !" 40

When wakeful Law extends her slaught'ring arm
Around, the boldest villain dreads th' alarm :

But, she asleep, each dastard stalks abroad,
Bursts thro' the nightly bolts, and robs the noon-tide road.

FABLE VII.

Le LAURIER et le MYRTHE.

DANS la caisse, à l'abri de la bise cruelle,
 Croissoit un jeune Myrthe auprès d'un vieux Laurier :
 Le Myrthe avoit été planté par une belle ;
 Le Laurier occupoit le loisir d'un Guerrier.
 La discorde est souvent fille du voisinage ;
 Entre nos arbrisseaux ce malheur arriva :

Chacun vantoit son apannage,
 Sur ce fujet entr' eux, certain bruit s'éleva :
 Ose-tu bien du pas me disputer la gloire ?
 (S'écria le Laurier, d'un ton altier et prompt ;)
 Des favoris de la victoire ?

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

For this Fable the Reader is desired to consult the first note in Fable II.

5,—6.] And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew. MILTON.

13,—16.] A *Climax*, as the Rhetoricians call it, or a *Sorites*, in the language of the Logicians, seems to be attempted in this place.—Whoever is desirous of seeing a beautiful one, may find it in the following passage of St. Paul; who indeed excels in every beauty of oratory and strength of argument.—“ We glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and patience, experience: and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed.”

F A B L E VII.

The LAUREL and the MYRTLE.

WHERE an old LAUREL rear'd his glassy hue,
 Close to his side a slender MYRTLE grew;
 Her bed a fictile vase: a fence behind
 Screen'd the rude influence of the sickening wind.
 Fair Sylvia bade it grow: with chearful air 5
 It bloom'd;—funn'd, sprinkled, nurs'd by Sylvia fair.
 A warrior chief, while peace o'erflow'd the land,
 Rear'd the bold LAUREL with his leisure hand.
 —From firm vicinity should discord flow?
 Curse on unbridled passions here below! 10
 Be men embroil'd!—but surely might agree
 The humble MYRTLE, and its fellow-tree.
 Each felt his consequence: with easy stride
 Too conscious worth ascends the steps of pride:
 Pride, ever boastful, fix'd them deadly foes; 15
 And hence to wordy war the flames arose.
 “Contest with Me precedence and place?”
 Exclaim'd the LAUREL, with contemptuous grace.
 —Trembled the half-funn'd MYRTLE, shook the ground,
 And hoarse-ton'd echo roar'd the bellowing sound— 20

28 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Sçais-tu que mes rameaux ceignent l'Auguste front ?

A tant d'honneur, amis, je n'oserois prétendre ;

Répondit aussitôt le Myrthe d'un air tendre ;

Mais de la jeune Aminte, et de l'aimable Iris,

Je couronne les favoris :

Ton règne est celui de la guerre ;

Moi j'en déteste les horreurs :

J'aime mieux présider aux plaisirs de la terre,

Que d'être comme toi le prix de ces fureurs.

* * * * *

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

23,—24.] The mighty prince himself, with verdant boughs
Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows. PITT.

37,—38.] To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manlaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, and be stil'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men. MILTON.

40.] 'Tis remarked, that Annotators have found out a thousand meanings in the ancient authors, which the authors themselves could never possibly intend. In like manner, the three million here mentioned will be thought by persons of this uncommon penetration to allude to the riches of that Nobleman.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 29

"Contest with Me the glorious prize of fame?
 "Know, trifler!—and suppress thy groundless claim,—
 "The verdant chaplet, from my sacred bough
 "Adorns, with envied pomp, the mighty Cæsar's brow."
 "To such high honours, my fastidious friend, 25
 "My humble lot presumes not to ascend."

The MYRTLE quick reply'd:—in whisper meek;
 Scarce echo, tho' she listen'd, heard her speak:—
 "When gentle nymphs assure their lovers blest'd,
 "My peaceful branches grace their fluttering breast. 30
 "Go! glut thy blood-stain'd soul with savage war;
 "Me shuddering stuns its thunder from afar.
 "'Tis mine, more glorious, cloth'd in Peace's robe,
 "To grace the blissful nuptials of the globe;
 "Not crown with impious hand the warrior's toils, 35
 "And laurel wreaths bestow for ravish'd spoils."

Go! boast, vain heroes, boast that earthly good
 Springs from the purple fount of human blood:
 Him angels crown, who guards his people's lives,
 And bid one peaceful George outshine three million C—s. 40

F A B L E VIII.

La GRENOUILLE, le SERPENT, la
CIGOGNE, et le LEZARD.

U N E Grenouille avoit un fort mauvais voisin;

C'étoit un serpent famèlique,

Qui mangeoit le peuple aquatique.

Dame Cigogne un beau matin

Voit le serpent, le tue, et le mange lui-même.

La Citoyenne des marais,

Témoin de cet heureux succès,

En ressent une joie extrême :

Je veux rendre visite, est faire compliment,

Dit-elle, à cet oiseau qui m'aime,

Je lui dois mon repos; ce service important

Exige de ma part un cœur reconnoissant.

Elle fort, et se met en route.

Un Lézard, la voyant, lui dit : où courez-vous ?

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

2.] As the Translator is generally true to the Iambic measure, the reader may possibly suspect that he meant to express the confinement of the poor Frog, by chaining almost half the line in Spondees.

12.] One cannot forbear on this occasion to transcribe a remark from an excellent critic, on that passage in Virgil : — Percussâ mente dederunt Dardanidæ lacrymas.—

F A B L E VIII.

The FROG, the SERPENT, the
STORK, and the LIZARD.

A FROG, meek tenant of the sedgy fen,
By dread strong-rein'd, scarce hopp'd beyond her den:
For direful fiend, accurs'd! a neighbouring SNAKE
Slew all the croaking wand'ers of the lake.
This hourly foe, by sleepless hunger torn, 5
Roll'd o'er the meadows, one mild April morn:
When lo! a prowling STORK his pinions bends
Tow'rs the sleek prey, and swift on earth descends;
The writhing SERPENT, grasp'd beneath his claw,
Expires: its luscious juices glut his maw. 10

The marsh-born dame beheld th' assassin die,
While tears of silent bliss bedew'd her eye;
Then tow'rs the victor rear'd her golden crest,
And spoke the grateful language of her breast:
"That charming bird,—my peace employs her care— 15
"Demands my earliest compliments to share:
"Sweet bird! who loves me, who destroys my foes,
"And crowns my future life with soft repose.
"Th' important boon my swelling thanks inspires,
"And each strong transport of this bosom fires." 20

32 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Je vais chez cet oiseau, si bien faisant, si doux,

Qui seulement pour m'obliger sans doute,

A fait périr le Serpent sous ses coups ?

L'Equité veut que je le remercie.

Vous êtes folle, à ce que je puis voir ;

Repartit le Léopard. Téméraire, etourdie,

Si vous voulez conserver votre vie,

Retournez dans votre manoir.

Vous ne connoissez pas cette Cigogne aimable.

Le Serpent est pour elle un régal admirable.

Pour son propre avantage elle la massacre ;

Tout ce qu' elle rencontre est bientôt dévoré :

Voudriez-vous entrer dans son bec redoutable ?

La Grénoille n'insista pas.

Saisie, à ce discours, d'une peur effroyable,

Elle retourna sur ses pas.

O vous, qui protégez le foible et le timide,

Si votre intérêt seul vous inspire et vous guide,

Vous méritez de trouver des ingrats.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

" Virgil, beside the other proofs of his humanity and good-nature, appears to have a strong idea of that swell in a good man's breast, which fills the eye with tears, on his hearing any great or good moral action or resolution : And this is the more remarkable, because it is scarce ever mentioned or described by any other of the ancient writers." SPENCE.

22.] The Translator hopes to be forgiven for attempting an *Hypotyposis* in this place, and at the death of the serpent,—and on a hundred different occasions, when he has done it at the expence of paraphrasing, or deviating too far from the Original.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 33

She spoke: then sprung with unremitting speed,
And swung her labouring legs athwart the mead.

A LIZARD meets her hitching on the road:

"Whither so fast? so early too abroad?"—

"O fir! the friendly Stork on yonder plain,

25

"Has all my tortures, the dread Serpent slain.

"Slain, solely to relieve my anxious mind!

"Was ever bird so generous, and so kind?

"And justice, honour bids those lips impart

"The warm-felt, deep-fix'd raptures of my heart." 30

The LIZARD sage reply'd: "Rash, giddy fool!

"Stop: lift to reason; let your raptures cool.

"Retreat,—or is your life ensur'd?—retreat:

"Quick, quick seek shelter in your slimy feat!

"O stranger to the Stork's luxurious brood, 35

"An oily Serpent yields him luscious food.

"Then, grant to you the seeming favour shown;

"What thanks?—the real favour is his own.

"All reptiles are his prey; he slaughters all:

"Wish you beneath his ruthless grasp to fall?" 40

Dame FROG, low-croaking, thank'd her friendly guide,

Her destin'd visit dropp'd;—nor more reply'd,—

But, early warn'd, impress'd with awful dread,

Back to her marshes, panting, shuddering, fled.

If ye, who shield the tim'rous, and the weak, 45

Your mean self-interest, and convenience seek;

May wise mankind the specious favour spurn,

And just ingratitude one general voice return!

34 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE IX.

Le BERGER et la CHEVRE.*

LE zéphir sorti de prison,
 Vaingueur de la froide saison,
 Venoit de ramener le printems sur son aîle.
 Les bois retentissoient du concert des oiseaux :
 Le ciel étoit serein : l'herbe tendre et nouvelle.
 Hors de la bergerie attiroit les troupeaux.
 Une Chèvre, voyant la nature renaître,
 Et voulant profiter de la beauté du jour,
 Sans y penser, s'éloigna de son maître,
 Et s'écarta dans les prés d'alentour.
 Ce fut assurément une grande imprudence.
 Le Berger s'aperçut bientôt de son absence,

N O T E S.

* Goat in the French, instead of which we have ventured, says a former Translator, to substitute Kid; as it conveys an idea of greater innocence, and seems better adapted to the pastoral scene before us. P. R. LAMB.

23.] Cæsar's "Veni, vidi, vici" was certainly designed, as it has been always understood, to express celerity: But, that the *Asyndeton*, clogged,

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 35

FABLE IX.

The SHEPHERD and the KID.

STERN Winter's hoary train forsook the vales,
And breathing zephyrs shed their spicy gales.

Loos'd from his softening bands, with gentle wing,
And smiling looks, return'd the genial spring.

The feather'd warblers tun'd their sprightly loves,
Whilst echoe's soothing whispers swell'd the groves.

The velvet sky outspread its blue serene,
And opening herbage cloth'd the fields in green.

A SHEPHERD, smit with joy, unpenn'd his fold,
Releas'd his firflings, and their numbers told:

Then view'd his flock with wanton steps proceed
To crop, with liberal tooth, the juicy mead.

A KID, while infant nature smil'd so gay,
Burn'd to enjoy the beauties of the day.

Imprudence, bane to youth!—unthinking flies

The KID, and safely 'scapes her keeper's eyes:

Then roams, unseen, the flowery meads around,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fairy ground.

36 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

La pourfuivit long-tems en vain,
 Se fatigua beaucoup, et l'atteignit enfin :
 Alors enflammé de colère,
 Et se livrant à son courroux ;
 Il jette la Chèvre par terre,
 La frappe, et l'assomme de coups.
 Etendue à ses pieds, la Chèvre est expirante :
 Il s'arrête—Il gémit—Il blâme sa fureur :
 Le repentir est entré dans son cœur.
 Grands dieux ! dit-il—Helas !—Elle est mourante—
 Qu' ai-je fait !—Discours superflus ;
 Vains remords, la Chèvre n'est plus.

De l'impétueuse colère
 A force de soins et d'efforts,
 Réprimons les premiers transports ;
 De peur que la douleur amère,
 Le repentir et les regrets,
 Avec le désespoir, ne la suivent de près.

NOTES.

as it must be, with commas, and lengthened, as in this instance, into an Alexandrine, should always imply the same, is not self-evident to the author.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 37

The SHEPHERD quick perceives his fatling stray'd,
 Explores her trackless footsteps thro' the glade; 20
 'Till spent with long fatigue, and vain pursuit,
 He spies, pursues, o'ertakes, secures, the rambling brute.
 Strong throbs his churlish breast with flaming ire,
 His redd'ning eye-balls flash relentless fire:
 The hapless KID 'gainst the rough ground he throws, 25
 The tender victim groans beneath his blows:
 Stretch'd at his feet, thick pants her struggling breath;
 And hang, dark-gathering round, the shades of death.

The Swain forbore,—to grief his soul consign'd,
 And curs'd the headlong transport of his mind; 30
 And, whilst late penitence upore his breast,
 He thus the anguish of his soul express'd:
 "O heaven! O earth! my vengeance I deplore;
 "Alas! my fav'rite sleeps—to wake no more!"
 Vain thy complaint, thy agony is vain; 35
 Thy Kid lies bleeding, breathless on the plain!

Let Reason's arm with timely mounds assuage
 The bursting torrent of impetuous Rage:
 From Fury unrestrain'd what horrors flow?
 What keen remorse, despair, and unavailing woe? 40

38 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

F A B L E X.

Le LABOUREUR et son FILS.

UN Laboureur avoit acquis

Quelques arpens d'une terre stérile.

Otez-en, dit il à son fils,

Les ronces, les chardons, et toute herbe inutile.

Le jeune homme aussitôt visite le terrain :

De tous côtés, il voit avec chagrin,

Tout ce que la nature a nos vœux contraire,

Fait naître dans un champ, quand elle est en colère.

Je n'en viendrai, dit-il, jamais à bout :

Ce ne sont qu'épines par-tout.

Il me faudroit un siècle, et même d'avantage.

Là dessus, il se décourage,

Il ne fait pas le moindre effort :

Il court, il s'amuse, il s'endort.

I M I T A T I O N S.

6,—12.] ——— So thick entwin'd,

As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that past that way.

MILTON.

FABLE X.

The HUSBANDMAN and his SON.

A THRIFTY Clown, the price of long-wrought toil,
Gain'd a few acres in a barren soil.

"Go, son," said he, "from clustering weeds around,

"From briers and thistles, clear th'entangled ground."

Instant, with duteous steps the youth obeys, 5

And the rude waste with pensive eyes surveys;

Where nature planted with inveterate hands

Her rankest weeds from long-neglected lands:

Weeds that might baffle all-subduing Care,

And make the soul of Industry despair. 10

"What furze, what stubborn thorns the surface shroud?

"What twisted brambles round each border croud?

"Vain were the hope to purge th' untoward plain,

"An age of unrebrated toil were vain!"

This said, the Youth his soul to grief consign'd, 15

And gave the hopeless project to the wind:

Now here, now there, in thoughtless hurry stalk'd,

Now loiter'd, listless, slumbering as he walk'd.

40 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Le lendemain son pere lui demande
S'il a bien travaillé. Non. La tâche est trop grande.
Je n'ai pas commencé. Le sage Laboureur

Lui dit alors avec douceur :

Vous comprenez mal ma pensée.
Pourquoi m'attribuer une idée insensée ?

Il ne s'agit que de ce petit coin :
L'ouvrage n'est pas long, ne vous rebutez point.

Son fils plein d'ardeur et de joie,
Sans perdre un seul moment, prend sa hêche, et s'emploie
A nettoyer la place avec beaucoup de soin.

Le jour suivant, tâche nouvelle :
Ainsi de suite. Il redouble son zèle.
Tout le mauvais est arraché,
Ce terrain si stérile est bientôt défriché.

Ne commencez un long ouvrage,
Qu'après en avoir fait sagement le partage.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

19.] To morrow ere fresh morning streak the east

With first approach of light, we must be risen,

And at our pleasant labour.

MILTON.

32.] Springs the swift ship at every vigorous stroke.

PITT.

The public is indebted for the greatest part of this Fable to an ingenious Clergyman, a friend of the Author's. The publisher has taken such liberties with it as were necessary to bring it to that variety which he has prescribed to his own versification.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 41

When saffron morn illum'd the eastern skies,
 And saw each fresh-nerv'd hind to labour rise, 20
 Thus spoke the fire: "Well, how succeed your pains?"
 "Succeed!—Untouch'd, Sir, the hard task remains."

The father, smiling, shook his hoary head,
 And thus in gentle accents mildly said:
 "Your dull ideas plain advice confuse! 25

"Why to my age ascribe such silly views?
 "First clear this corner,—well observe me, son,
 "This little spot, be here your work begun.
 "Rouse, rouse your manly spirits,—flag no more;
 "A few days labour,—and the task is o'er." 30

Fresh joys from every word the Youth pervade,
 Drop the thinn'd weeds, as glows the vig'rous spade:
 Each day, redoubled ardor crowns his hand;
 Each setting sun beholds th' improving land:
 With unremitting zeal, and eager speed, 35
 The ground he clears from ev'ry noxious weed;
 The ground, so lately a rude barren waste,
 Soon smiles a lawn with rising herbage grac'd.

In works of labour, be this rule your guide,
 First into separate parts the whole divide: 40
 The parts dispos'd, pursue your easy plan;
 'Tis well-laid Method forms the great successful man.

FABLE XI.

Les CLOCHES, le CLOCHER, les BATTANS,
les CORDES, et le SONNEUR.

IL étoit nuit: précédé du repos,
Le doux sommeil, sur les yeux de Jérôme,
Un des meilleurs sonneurs qui fût dans le royaume,
Avait versé le suc de ses pavots.
Un grand bruit le réveille. Il voit avec surprise
Que le grand bruit vient de Peglise.
Vite il y court. Depuis quelques instans,
Les Cloches, le Clocher, les Cordes, les Battans,
Se disputoient le pas et la pré-éminence.
Les Cloches s'écrioient—Oui, c'est nous qui sonnons.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

The beginning of this Fable undoubtedly had an eye,—and probably with the same intention,—to that delightful picture in the fourth Æneid, where the stillness of the whole creation is inimitably contrasted to the distracted mind of Dido.

Nox erat, et placidam carpebant fessa soporem

Corpora

sub nocte silenti

Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.

VIRGIL.

4.] And eat in drams the custard of the day.

POPE.

13.] ————— Magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.

VIRGIL.

FABLE XI.

The BELLS, the STEEPLE, the CLAPPER,
the ROPES, and the RINGER.

'T WAS Night: the world lay hush'd in deep repose;
And sleep soft opiates shed o'er human woes:
Lock'd in its filken slumbers Jerom lay,
While visions rung the changes of the day;
Illustrious Jerom! with whose firm-brac'd hand
No Ringer dar'd to vie throughout the land. 5

Hark! his soft pillow a dread thunder shakes,
Alarm'd, the chiming hero starts, and wakes!
Swift tow'rd the sacred dome his journey speeds,
Whence, dire amaze! th' unusual noise proceeds: 10
There twice five minutes' space, the BELLS, the STEEPLE,
The ROPES, the CLAPPERS, all a high-flown people,
In wrangling jangling terms, and pompous state,
For place superior wag'd a warm debate.

" 'Tis we that sound, yes we,"—exclaim'd the BELLS: 15
" But,—cry'd the CLAPPERS, Who supply the knells?
" Withheld our nimble aid, your BELLS might keep
" Perpetual silence, and your music sleep."
The ROPES: " We whirl your solemn notes around;
" And thence our sure precedence justly ground." 20

44 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Mais disoient les Battans, sans nous qui vous frappons,

Vous garderiez un éternel silence.

Les Cordes—Nous vous ébranlons,

Reconnoissez notre excellence.

Le Clocher—Je vous loge, et sans mon assistance

Quelles seroient vos fonctions ?

Le Sonneur homme droit, et juge sans reproche,

Vuida le procès, en disant,

Le Clocher, la Corde, et la Cloche,

Sont nécessaires au battant ;

Il faut aussi, que la Cloche m'accorde,

Que sans Clocher, sans Battant, et sans Corde,

Elle seroit d'un très foible secours.

Et moi qui suis-je donc ?—Mais laissons ce discours :

Notre vicaire assure avoir lû dans Horace,

Qu'on ne peut se passer d'autrui,

Et que dans l'univers rien n'occupe une place,

Qui n'ait besoin de quelque appui.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

25,—26.] The patient man in the land of Uz would have exchanged all his miserable comforters for honest Jerom. For he says: Let me be weighed in an even balance!—How happy is it for this nation, that not one corrupt judge has appeared among us since the reign of the Tudors!

43.] The poet mentioned in the original is Horace. But the Translation alludes to a writer of infinitely greater authority.—“The king himself is served by the field.”

ECCLES. Chap. 5.

44.] And clip the pinions of her pride.

WORY.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 45

The STEEPLE: "Who supplies the needful room?"

"What, without me, proud triflers, were your doom?"

Jerom, with patient audience, heard th' alarm,

In judge-like state,—supported on his arm;

And, no brib'd * * * * but an upright YATES, 25

Slow-weigh'd, in ev'n-pois'd balance, the debates.

"Without the ROPE, the STEEPLE, and the BELL,

"Ne'er could'st thou, CLAPPER, sound one fingle knell.

"You, BELLS, admit this axiom too, I hope,

"That, without STEEPLE, CLAPPER, and the ROPE, 30

"Useless you must, to distant age, be hung,

"And no grand changes, not one peal be rung.—

"Nor I of strong-earn'd fame my share resign;

"Allow'd your praise, what glory must be mine?

"—But, ill our solemn offices it suits 35

"To waste our precious hours in vain disputes.

"Our learned Dean, whose lectures all regard,

"Has late assur'd me from a heathen bard,

"Whose golden words,—O let their force prevail!

"A moral yield for us,—and for the tale."— 40

Pow'r, on the loftiest eminence, must fade,

Debarr'd the firm support of social aid:

The spade and sceptre Nature has ally'd,

To clip th' unaided wings of vainly-soaring Pride.

46 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE XII.

Le TAUREAU et la MOUCHE.

UNE Mouche s'étant posée,
 Sur les cornes d'un Taureau;
 Et se croyant un lourd fardeau,
 Lui dit après s'être tranquilisée:
 Si le poids vous semble trop fort,
 Dites le moi: Je m'envole d'abord.
 Qui m'a parlé?" reprit le Quadrupède.
 C'est moi, c'est la fœur du printems,
 Et de l'oïseau de Ganymède:
 Vous me portez depuis longtems;

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

The Reader is desired to look back to the first note on the second Fable.

This Fable will be found in Doddsley's elegant collection: But whether our country-man, or the foreigner, was the inventor of it, is left undetermined.

12.—14.] *Viz.* Ganymede. The story is as follows.—But it is not the Commentator's intention to forestal the business of a Dictionary.

14.] *Unfainting*—stands in the same predicament with *yellowing*, in the first Fable: to which the Author humbly begs leave to refer.

18.] Tho' prostrate Greece should bleed at every vein.

POPE.

22.] And bids earth roll, nor feels the idle whirl.

YOUNG.

F A B L E X H.

The O X and the F L Y.

WHILE graz'd a stately Ox one fultry morn,
A weary FLY fat perching on his horn:

She thought, with high-swoll'n vanity elate,
Her bulk gigantic, mountainous her weight;
And her exhausted strength repair'd by rest,

5

Thus to the STEER her gentle voice address'd:

"Faint you beneath my load? kind creature, say:

"Then will your grateful servant fly away."

The Ox, still browsing, unconcern'd reply'd:

"Who's there, that feebly speaks anear my side?"

10

"—'Tis I, the sister of the fertile spring,

"And sister of the bird, whose royal wing

"Bore the fair youth from Ida's sacred grove,

"And flew, unfainting, to the throne of Jove.—

"But, now reviv'd, receive my homage due;

15

"Say, shall my vigorous wings their flight renew?

"For from this ponderous cumberance you sustain

"Your moisten'd pores must breathe from every vein."

The fleeing Ox resum'd: "O, gracious FLY,

"Beneath thy weight, I faint, alas! I die.

20

48 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Vous peinez : a coup sûr la charge vous ennuye.

Bon, répondit-il, nous y voilà !

En bonne foy, Mouche ma mie,

J'ignorois que vous fussiez là.

Tel se croit dans le monde un mérite avéré,
Qui de tous les humains est le plus ignoré.

F A B L E XIII.

L'HOMME malade de la Jaunisse.

CERTAIN homme, ignorant qu'il avoit la jaunisse,

Entra dans un jardin. Voyez lui dit quelqu'un,

Ce bel œillet. Admirez ce narcisse,

Un œillet jaune ! Ah ! rien n'est moins commun,

Repondit le malade, et j'ai l'ame ravie

De voir ce que jamais je n'ai vû dans ma vie.

Mais—ce Narcisse—Il est de la même couleur.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

It were "devoutly to be wished," that the title of this Fable had been—different from what it is. Perhaps "The unknown Malady" would have kept the mind in that agreeable suspense, which is the life and soul of fable. But the Translation did not think itself authorized, in the present case, to depart from the Original.

8.] Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.

JUVENAL.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 49

"Go,—tell thy kindred, while their sister rode,
"No conscious nerve perceiv'd the feeble load."

When Self-importance lights her secret flame,
She gives each empty fool a glorious name:
Bright shines the Coxeomb,—to himself alone;
By all the world beside, unnotic'd, and unknown.

F A B L E XIII.

The M A N afflicted with the JAUNDICE.

TWO friends their serious converse to relieve,
Walk'd in a sweet parterre one summer's eve;
That,—but unconscious,—wore a fallow face;
To this belong'd the variegated space.

"Behold that purple Pink: What rich attire!" 5

"View that Narcissus; view it, and admire."

"A yellow Pink!"—exclaim'd the fickle man,

"As rare a picture as a fable swan!"

"Thy tincture, loveliest flower! my eyes adore;

"A yellow pink ne'er charm'd their sight before." 10

"—But, that Narcissus."—"Pencill'd just the same,

"Its yellow bloom exhales a saffron flame."

50 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

De son ami la surprize est extrême.
Regardez cette Rose—Elle est jaune de même.

Ce Lys au moins frappe par sa blancheur :
N'en convenez-vous pas ? Ami, soyez sincère.

Tout est jaune dans ce parterre.
J'en suis fort étonné. Mais le fait est certain.

Mon cher, lui dit son camarade,

Dépêchez vous : voyez le médecin :

Car il est clair que vous êtes malade.

Les passions nous montrent les objets

Tout autrement qu'ils ne sont faits.

IMITATIONS.

17,—18.] ———— Unstain'd, and pure,

As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

THOMSON.

22.] Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold. POPE.

29.] Is not the moral, in the French, too vague ?—Surely, from the very title of the Fable, the application ought to have turned, not on the passions in general, but solely on that which is expressed in the English.

30,—32.] The learned reader will observe, that the Translator follows the ancient division of Virtue, adopted by Cicero ; who very probably borrowed it from writers of an earlier date.

2. SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 51

His friend in silent wonder lifts his eyes;
Still the same answer—swells his strange surprize!
“—That scarlet Rose survey.”—“ That scarlet Rose, 15
“ False to its name, in golden splendor glows.”
“—But view that Lily; glistening to the day,
“ As virgin snow reflects the solar ray :
“ That Lily rob’d in white, you must agree ;
“ Speak : Friendship’s voice invites you; answer free.” 20
“ Oh! fir, each various flower these eyes behold,
“ Alike flame-tinctur’d, seems to glow in gold!
“ Dread wonder and amaze o’erwhelm my brain
“ To judge the cause! The fact, alas, too plain!”
His dear companion swift the case divin’d, 25
And spoke the hasty anguish of his mind :
“ Go, seek the medic art; fly quickly hence!
“ Some stubborn ill perverts your wildering sense.”

Where wan-cheek’d Envy darts her snaky eye,
Thy blighted train, fair Virtue! change their die. 30
The prudent, temp’rate, honest heart and brave,
Is fly, luxurious, cow’rdly, and a knave.

H 2

FABLE XIV.

Le VOYAGEUR.

UN homme entreprit un voyage,

Seul, à pied.—Survient un orage,

Le Voyageur, triste et chagrin,

Tremble, gémit, s'impatiente,

Maudit les Dieux et le destin.

Sur sa route un bois se présente :

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

A wild deviation from the Original will be found in the former part of this Fable. The fault, if it be a fault, is readily acknowledged. But the Author was almost necessarily led into it, on account of its having been done partly in the same common-place manner by a former Translator.

One cannot forbear, on this occasion, to transcribe part of that incomparable description of a Tempest in *The Seasons*.

5.] The thunder raises his tremendous voice :

At first low muttering ; but at each approach,

The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more

The noise astounds : till over head a sheet

Of various flame discloses wide, then shuts

And opens wider, shuts and opens still

Expansive, wrapping Æther in a blaze, &c.

THOMSON.

FABLE XIV.

The TRAVELLER.

LED by th' alluring sunshine of the day,
A TRAV'LLER once amus'd his dreary way;
Thro' vales, o'er mountains push'd his vigorous speed,
Debarr'd of social chat, or ambling feed.

Sudden, a gathering tempest lours around, 5
And wraps the curtain'd ball in dark profound!
Loud bursts the thunder: with tremendous blaze,
Quick, from wide-opening skies, fork'd lightning plays:
From black-swoll'n clouds th' impetuous cataract pours;
And with fell fury the fierce northwind roars. 10

Whilst round the TRAV'LLER's head the storm descends,
No neighb'ring cot its timely shelter lends!
His pensive eye-balls gaz'd the frowning pole;
Despair, and trembling horror pierc'd his soul:
His labouring bosom heav'd the big-swoll'n sighs; 15
He curs'd the cruel Gods, and cruel sky.

The gloom dispers'd, his dewy eyes survey'd
A grove contiguous, arch'd with many a shade.

54 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Tandis qu' à pas précipités
 Il entre, tombe à ses côtes,
 En sifflant, un trait homieide,
 Lancé par une main perfide.
 Au même instant s'offre à ses yeux
 Jupiter du haut d'un nuage—
 Toi, dit-il, qui maudis les Dieux,
 Tu dois la vie à cet orage ;
 Il t'a garanti du trépas ———
 D'un arc, que tu, ne voyois pas,
 La corde, de pluie imbibée,
 A trompé la main du voleur ;
 A tes pieds la flèche est tombée,
 Au lieu de te percer le cœur.

Race humaine, en plaintes fertile,
 Que vous criez mal-à-propos.
 Dieu sçait ce qui nous est utile ;
 Il tire nos biens de nos maux.

IMITATIONS.

13.] And gaz'd awhile the ample sky. MILTON.

13.] ————And on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye. THOMSON.

35.] ————Telum imbelle, sine ictu. VIRGIL.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 55

Dash'd by the driving winds, and gushing flood,
He dragg'd his deep-drench'd footsteps tow'rd's the wood: 20
But, ere safe shelter'd midst the bowery seat,
A hasty shaft sunk whistling at his feet
Lanch'd from a treach'rous arm.—Aghast, his eyes
He fix'd, unmov'd, scarce-breathing, on the skies.

There, thron'd on silver clouds, majestic rode, 25
And cloth'd with terror, spoke the Thunderer-god:
" Cease, wretch profane! nor curse the sacred power,
" Who sent, in mercy sent, the torrent shower:
" Else had that shaft thy swimming eye-lids seal'd,
" And thy devoted corse distain'd the field. 30
" For, from a bow, by thy short-sighted view
" Unseen, the coolly-levell'd arrow flew;
" But the fierce tempest flak'd its thirsty flame,
" And the furr'd cord beguil'd the Russian's aim:
" Hence bloodless at thy foot dropp'd the vain dart, 35
" Which else had steep'd its pinions in thy heart."

Be silent, sons of dust! no more complain;
Vain are your censures, and your murmurs vain:
Heav'n only knows our bliss.—From deepest woes,
Led by its sov'reign aim, our lasting safety flows. 40

FABLE XV.

Le POETE et L'OISON.

UN chef d'œuvre vint à paroître
Aux yeux du public étonné.

Par les mains d'Apollon son maitre,

Sur l'Helicon, l'auteur fut couronné:

Sophocle se leva pour lui céder sa place.

Habitant inconnu des marais du Parnasse,

Prétendant que sans plume on ne composoit rien;

Certain oison disoit: cet ouvrage est le mien.

Une plume en effet de son aîle tirée,

Avoit transcrit nettement et fort bien

Cette tragédie admirée.

Telle étoit la sotte raison

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

2.] An eminent critic, speaking of the excellences of Virgil, says: "It lay in his power alone, to have enriched the Roman poetry with what is so greatly wanted, and what is perhaps a more useful work than even an epic poem itself, A PERFECT TRAGEDY."

WARTON.

6.] Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.

POPE.

9,—10.] The character of Sophocles is peculiarly distinguished by nobleness, grandeur, and elevation.—He was twenty times crowned victor.

FABLE XV.

The POET and the GOSLING.

ONCE on a time,—with every charm endear'd,

A new, and perfect Tragic work appear'd:

Thro' all th' astonish'd town the wonder flew,

And from stern critics rapt applauses drew.

—The Cynthian god who sweeps the golden lyre,

Who swell'd his POET's breast with sacred fire,

On Pindus' cliffs proclaim'd the minion's praise,

And round his temples wreath'd undying bays.

Th' award ev'n pompous Sophocles allow'd,

And to the mightier victor humbly bow'd.

Where tall Parnassus looks o'er sedgy meads,

Where critic fowls regale 'midst watry weeds,

A distant voice was heard: "Each mortal knows,

"That from some feather every poem flows."

A GOSLING quick reply'd: "Ye powers divine,

"Attest!—that work, that matchless work is mine.

"For, late selected from this feathery coat,

"A polish'd quill the wondrous drama wrote,

58 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Qu' alléguoit l'imbécile Oïson.

Enfin lassé de son orgueil stupide,

Eh bien, voyons, chantez sur le ton d'Euripide,

Lui dit un cygne en se moquant—

Le fat ouvre son bec, et chante en glapissant,

D'une façon singulière,

Si mal, qu'on le railla pendant une heure entière.

S'approprier le mérite d'autrui,

Sans en avoir aucun soi même,

C'est une impertinence extrême,

Qui n'est pas bien rare aujourd'hui.

NOTES and IMITATIONS

8.] Omitted in its place.—*Cingit viridanti tempora lauro.* VIRGIL.

20.] The two great principles for moving the passions amongst the ancients were terror and pity. ROLLIN.

28.] *Viz.* Euripides, born at Salamis,—in affectibus cum omnibus miris, tum in iis qui miseratione constant, facile præcipuus. QUINTILIAN.

31.] *Stridenti miseram stipulâ disperdere carmen.* VIRGIL.

2 SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 59

" And trac'd with lovely lines each living page,
" Where melts soft pity, and stern terrors rage." 20

This plea assign'd, the GOSLING stalk'd along,
And bore his crest aloft, amidst the gaping throng.

—Vain, silly bird, affect not stately mien,

Left bold pretensions close in deep chagrin!

Tir'd with the haughty coxcomb's stupid pride, 25

A tuneful Swan with fleering looks reply'd:

" Rouse, rouse, great genius! thy pathetic vein,

" And wake the Salaminian's silver strain."

The ideot ope'd his beak, in clamours shrill,

With unblest voice, and so uncouth a skill, 30

So harsh the grating, screaming, scrannel sound,

His audience hiss'd disdain, whole hours, around.

When worthless pride a lofty port assumes,

And robes it jackdaw form in peacock's plumes;

'Tis what?—" 'Tis shameless insolence" you say: 35

True,—yet this tinsel fraud is practis'd every day.

60 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE XVI.

L'ALCHYMISTE et le PHILOSOPHE.

UN Alchimiste alla trouver un Sage.
 Avec un mérite parfait,
 Vous êtes, lui dit-il, indigent. Quel dommage!
 Mais je viens réparer l'outrage
 Que la fortune vous a fait.
 Je possède un rare secret,
 Par le moyen duquel vous aurez en partage
 Plus d'or que n'en roule le Tage.—
 Le Sage répondit : vivre content sans or,
 Avoir l'ame toujours égale,
 Voilà le seul véritable trésor,
 Et la pierre philosophale.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

- 1, — 16, — 18.] ————— By fire
 Of footy coal, th' emperic alchemist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of droffiest ore to perfect gold
 As from the mine. MILTON.
- 20.] And peace, O Virtue, peace is all thy own. POPE.
- 21.] His hand the good man fastens on the skies. YOUNG.
- 22.] Divide the night, and list our thoughts to heaven. MILTON.
- 19, — 21.] The Moral hopes to be pardoned for heightening equanimity
 into an higher attainment,—which may be found in the excellent Mr.
Nelson's Practice of true Devotion.

F A B L E XVI.

The ALCHEMIST and the PHILOSOPHER.

A 'CHYMIST once forsook his ripening lead,
To seek a Sage's roof,—and ent'ring said:

- "Is this, this matchless virtue! still thy lot?
"Shall meagre Want surround thy dreary cot?
"Shall Fortune's partial eye—O dire disgrace!
"O'erlook the worthiest of the human race?
"No, friend.—All hail! your future riches rise:
"Henceforth stern fortune and the world despise.
"In silence hear the secret art I tell,
"Which drew my toilsome journey to your cell:
"This secret once reveal'd,—supremely bless'd!
"More wealth than Clive's o'erflows your swelling chest;
"More wealth than Crassus, or than Croesus told;
"Or down his sparkling tides the yellow Tagus roll'd."

The SAGE return'd: "Recede my bounteous friend;
"Back to your fusile ore your journey bend:
"But this true treasure,—to the wise unknown,
"Far, far outweighs the gold-converting stone.—"

"Thy soul 'midst torturing want to Heaven resign;
For bliss, Devotion! bliss is wholly thine!
Her sky-fix'd arm no tempests can remove;
She props the drooping heart, and lifts to joys above."

62 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

F A B L E XVII.

Le BŒUF, la BREBIS, et le BERGER.

DANS un endroit marécageux,
 Auprès d'un pré que la nature
 Avait orné d'une belle verdure,
 Un Bœuf aussi maigre que vieux,
 Païssoit ou s'efforçait de paître;
 Car dans un lieu plein de bœue et mal-sain,
 Ou l'herbe périssoit presque avant que de naître,
 Pouvoit-il appaiser sa faim?
 Une Brebis voyoit ses peines,
 Y prenoit part, avoit aussi les siennes.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

3.] His raw-bone cheeks, thro' penury and pine,
 Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine. SPENSER.

11.—12.] ——— Greedily they pluck'd

The fruitage fair to fight, like that which grew

Near that bituminous lake, where Sodom flam'd. MILTON.

This passage in Milton seems taken from Tacitus, Lib. 5: Who says:
 That every thing, whether it grows spontaneously, or is planted by man,
 whether it be herb, fruit, or flower, as soon as it is compressed, maulders

FABLE XVII.

The OX, the EWE, and the SHEPHERD.

COOP'D in a swampy marsh, unhealthy, dank,
 'Midst sedges, rushes, and an osier bank,
 A BULLOCK, shrunk with pen'ry, and old age,
 Sought eager to appease his hungry rage.
 But Flora's hand a neighbouring meadow ground
 With green exuberance of rich herbage crown'd.
 Oft, as the Ox, hard-toiling, seem'd to feed,
 He view'd with longing looks the lovely mead;
 And sigh'd: "Me wretched!—useless waste of time,
 "To graze in bogs, deep-plung'd in sludgy slime!
 "Where grass, like Sodom's fruitage fam'd for show,
 "In flimsy verdure withers ere it grow.
 "Idle the hope my hungry veins to swell,
 "Where Famine's dreary fiends around me dwell."
 His marshy comrade, a soft female SHEEP,
 With pensive soul, observ'd the BULLOCK weep;
 With his unceasing sorrows mix'd her own,
 Echoed his plaints, and bleated moan for moan.

64 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Et souffroit le même tourment—
 Allons parler à notre maître,
 Dit le vieux Bœuf : à l'ombre de ce hêtre,
 Il repose tranquillement.
 Viens avec moi : nous obtiendrons peut-être
 Son agrément,
 Et nous vivrons plus loin déjeuner amplement.
 Le Bœuf présente sa requête.
 Monsieur, dit-il, il seroit malhonnête
 De nous empêcher de manger.
 Vous devriez nous engager
 A passer dans cette prairie,
 Pour y brouter l'herbe verte et fleurie.
 Suis je à vos yeux un étranger
 Convient il qu'un vieux domestique,
 Qui vous a tant servi, meure ou devienne étiquette
 Ne nous, refusez pas votre consentement,
 Ce seroit nous traiter trop rigoureusement.—
 Il se tut. La Brebis prit alors la parole.
 Seigneur, dit-elle, ici je ne vois rien
 Qui puisse m'en nourrir. La terre humide et molle.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

away immediately into ashes. But whether there be any truth in this part of the account of Tacitus, 'tis hard to say. For, as to the apples of Sodom, a modern traveller tells us, that he neither saw nor heard of any thereabouts; nor was there any tree to be seen near the Lake, from which one might expect such kind of fruit. And therefore he supposes the Being as well as the Beauty of that fruit is a mere fiction, and only kept up, because it serves for a good allusion, and helped poets (as it does the Bullock here) to a pat similitude. *Maunderell's Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem.*

27.] Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd. MILTON.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 65

At length the BULLOCK spoke: "My starving friend,
 " Suppose our footsteps tow'rd's our Master tend: 20
 " Where yonder beech its spacious shadow throws,
 " He reaps on pillow'd sedge a soft repose.
 " Perchance, our tortures to his ear reveal'd,
 " His open'd breast may gentle pity yield:
 " Perchance, high-favour'd, ere to-morrow dawn, 25
 " We taste with luscious tooth the grassy lawn."
 The stubborn Ox advanc'd with ample stride;
 Quick tript the modest FIRSTLING at his side.
 The STEER's uncourtly voice the silence broke;
 Surrounding hills rebellow'd as he spoke. 30
 " To cramp your suppliants from a plenteous meal,
 " Betrays a sordid soul, a breast of steel.
 " Strict duty bids you lay your swift command,
 " Quit, instant quit this rank unfruitful land:
 " Repair,—the green invites,—and free regale 35
 " In rich luxuriance, 'midst yon flowery vale.
 " Why pause, fir? Why affected look surprize?
 " What! your old Ox a stranger to your eyes?
 " Who many a weary day with patient toil,
 " And slow-dragg'd step, upturn'd your stubborn soil? 40
 " Shall he, neglected, yield his generous breath?
 " Or live with languid lids a lingering death?
 " Then, once be just, perform our fair request:
 " Ill suits a callous soul the human breast.—"
 Thus the rude BULLOCK clos'd his churlish vows, 45
 Nor bent the stately honours of his brows.
 —What stupid harangues furly tongues employ?
 Design'd to save,—more likely to destroy.—

66 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Ne fournit que fort peu de mauvaise herbe. —

Eh bien,
Que voulez-vous ? Entrer dans ce beau paturage,

Si votre bonté vous engage

A m'accorder cette faveur.

Si vous décidez le contraire,

Vous me verrez soumis à vos ordres, seigneur :

Je n'ai d'autre desir que celui de vous plaire.

On devine aisément ce que fit le Berger.

C'étoit de part et d'autre une même prière :

Mais tout dépend de la manière ;

Il ne faut pas la négliger.

Jamais, en demandant, il ne faut exiger.

Le Bœuf pendant huit jours vécut d'herbe pounie :

La Brebis, plus modeste, entra dans la prairie.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

23,—24.] How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity inclin'd ?

MILTON.

34.] ——— The rural wilds
Invite ; the mountains call you, and the vales.

ARMISTONGE.

37.] ——— Musing praise,
And looking lovely gratitude.

THOMSON.

38,—42.] ——— And the plain Ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,

In what has he offended ? He, whose toil,

Patient, and ever ready, cloaths the fields

In all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed ?

THOMSON.

42.] ——— Who knows
But I shall live a living death ?

MILTON.

45,—48.] The seeming ambiguity of " Il se tut " occasioned this para-
phrase.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 67

The SHEEP her Lord's permission crav'd, to press,
In accents humbly meek, her smooth address: 50

"The present fields,—forgive me, generous Lord,—

"Refuse a decent pasture to afford.

"Moist, swampy marishes yield but slender food,

"Your wisdom knows,—nor ev'n that pittance good."

"'Tis true," the SHEPHERD said, with placid voice, 55

"Then speak, my LAMBKIN, speak thy utmost choice."

"Sir, were these happy lips allow'd to taste,

"That neighbouring mead, with daisied beauty grac'd;

"Then would the royal favour firm impart

"Its fair memorial to my grateful heart. 60

"But, if this boon displease your sov'reign mind,

"I'm still obsequious to the lot assign'd;

"For, O your sacred nod, without controul,

"Rules every thought and movement of my soul."

"Twere vain, in tedious numbers to relate 65

The SHEPHERD's answer, and the Envoys' fate.

Alike with plaintive pray'r each party mourn'd;

And all the difference on the manner turn'd.

Henceforth on putrid herbs the rude STEER feeds;

The modest SHEEP enjoys the flowery meads. 70

Whene'er ye Wretched lift your suppliant hands,

O cease, for ever cease, from harsh demands:

Where humble Grace the soft petition moves,

The vanquish'd bosom yields, and the full soul approves.

indeed!—The well known words that this Fable, as I said,
was translated before that publication appeared. This Fable, I believe
must have been seen to their expectation, when it reached him to elude
to a week before it was known to have a being.—He has lost that cele-

68 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE XVIII.

La LIONNE et les deux LIONCEAUX.

DAME Lionne avoit deux fils,

Tous deux bien élevés, et tous deux fort gentils :

Ils rentrèrent un jour plus tard qu'à l'ordinaire.

La Reine s'adressa d'abord au fils aîné :

Ingrat, lui dit elle en colère,

Ne savez vous donc pas que tout enfant bien né,

Ne s'écarte jamais des ordres de sa mère ?

Vous méritez un châtimement sévère :

Et si jamais—Retirez-vous, coquin—

Quoi ! vous osez soutenir ma présence,

Après m'avoir causé tant de chagrin !

C'est le comble de l'insolence.

NOTES.

2.] Some readers will undoubtedly find a stroke levelled here at the letters of the late earl of * * * *. An astonishing instance of sagacity indeed !—'Tis well known to the Author's friends that this Fable, at least, was translated before that publication appeared. His foresight therefore must have been equal to their penetration, when it enabled him to allude to a work before it was known to have a being.—He has left that cele-

FABLE XVIII.

The LIONESS and the two young LIONS.

THEIR Mother's cave two princely LIONS grac'd,
 Both bred politely, both to * * * * taste;
 To win, By duteous steps, her equal love
 The royal youths with equal ardor strove.
 One day, the flying herds from early dawn. 5
 Both chac'd, till Hesper gilt the dewy lawn.
 The partial QUEEN th' unusual absence mourn'd;
 Now languish'd anxious, and now furious burn'd.
 Her ELDER SON, while rancour swell'd her breast,
 Her voice, in bellowing thunder, stern address'd: 10
 " Know, wretch ingrate! not ev'n the weightiest cause
 " Absolves, when Children spurn their Mother's laws:
 " All, all, whom virtue warms, her nod fulfil;
 " Nor one step move beyond her sovereign will.
 " Then what dread vengeance claims thy curs'd offence? 15
 " If e'er — but quit my presence! miscreant, hence!
 " My flaming wrath, presumptuous, still t' oppose!
 " Source of thy Mother's pain, thy Mother's woes!

70 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Vite, sortez d'ici—Le fils aîné pleura,

Se reconnu coupable, & puis se retira.

La Reine alors prit un air plus tranquille ;

Mon bon ami, dit-elle à l'autre lionceau,

Vous n'avez pas bien fait, et cela n'est pas beau :

Vous aviez jusqu'ici, toujours été docile—

Embrassez-moi, petit enfant ;

Dans la suite, mon fils, soyez obéissant.

Pourquoi la faute étant la même,

La punit on différemment ?

On excuse tout, quand on aime ;

Tout, quand on n'aime pas, mérite châtement.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

brated performance to the animadversion of others: While he has endeavoured to express the Lioness's rage against the child of her dislike, and her fondness for the favourite, agreeably to the spirit of the Original.

6.] When falling dew with spangles deck'd the glade. **PERR.**

16.] Quos ego—sed motos praestat componere lectus. **VIRGIL.**

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 71

" Rouse not my fury to its utmost height.

" Fly hence ! begone this moment from my sight !"

20

The conscious ranger tears of an anguish shed,

Confess'd his guilt, and humbly sobbing fled.

But tow'rs the YOUNGER the relenting QUEEN
Assum'd a milder tone, and gentler mien :

" Approach, my child, my darling, and my friend,

25

" Approach thy parent, and her voice attend.

" These trivial slips, deriv'd from childish thought,

" May rise, by slow advances, to a fault :

" Your former duteous path, my Life ! regain,

" Who, till this morning, walk'd without a stain.

30

" Come, kiss me, dear,—your pardon thus receive ;

" And with obedient awe in future live."

When two delinquents share in equal blame,

Why not their crime and punishment the same ?

—Huge crimes seem little, where affection dwells ;

35

But hatred every fault to dread presumption swells.

72 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE XIX.

La CHENILLE et la FEMME.

CHENILLE, effroyable animal,

Dans le voisinage importune,

Qu'à nos arbres tu fais de mal !

Ah, Dieux ! je crois en sentir une.

La Chenille ayant entendu,

Ce qu'une Femme disoit d'elle,

Sans se fâcher a répondu :

Ma laideur n'est point éternelle ;

Bientôt changé en Papillon,

J'aurai des couleurs admirables,

Du blanc, du bleu, du vermillon,

Et je serai des plus aimables.

Plus d'une belle, à ce qu'on dit,

Est de moi l'image complete :

Chenille en fortant de son lit ;

Papillon après sa toilette.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

18.] And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

POPE.

This Fable,—for which see the Preface,—having no Moral, the omission shall be supplied from an eminent poet.

None, none descends into himself, to find

The secret imperfections of his mind :

But every one is eagle-ey'd to see

Another's failures, and deformity.

DRYDEN.

F A B L E XIX.

The CATERPILLAR and the WOMAN.

“A VAUNT! dread CATERPILLAR, odious fright!
“ Foul squalid bugbear! hideous to the sight.

“ Dire neighbour! thy remorseless tooth devours

“ My trees, my fruits, my fallads, and my flowers.

“ I feel around my neck thy clay-cold crawl:

“ Support me, heaven! support me, or I fall!”

Thus spoke, affected spoke, a FEMALE tongue,
While the furr'd INSECT dragg'd her wreaths along.

She stopp'd her listening footsteps for a while,

Uprear'd her crest, and answer'd with a smile:

“ But know, sweet MADAM! this my bugbear frame

“ Shall not, fate-stamp'd, for ever last the same;

“ When glows with genial heat the lengthening year,

“ I shall commence dame Butterfly, my dear:

“ Then spread my painted plumage to the view,

“ My snowy, azure, and vermilion hue.

“ And say what lovelier form your eyes behold,

“ When fluttering soft, I wing my flight in gold?—

“ But many a LADY,—or do men belie?

“ Exact resembles me,—poor embryo fly!

“ A shrivell'd Insect, when she quits her bed,

“ Shrunk every rose, and every lily fled!

“ But, finish'd in due taste the toilet's care,

“ A painted Fly, she fans the scented air.”

FABLE XX*.

Le LEVRIER.

UN Levrier un jour demeurant sur sa nourriture,
 Et léchant ses machoires,
 Etoit ruminant dans l'esprit à qui de ses membres
 Donner la préférence—Dit la Queue,
 Je vous gouverne.—Mais les Jambes ils dirent,
 Nous vous supportez.—H faut,

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

* This Fable upon its first appearance was absolutely condemned by several excellent judges: and it was affirmed, that every attempt to give it a tolerable translation would be in vain. But the Translator was of a different opinion. He humbly conceived, that by supplying a few additional touches, it might easily be worked up into a tolerable piece. As it is, the Reader is heartily welcome to it.

18,—20.] So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell

Of mortal change on earth.

MILTON.

—~~Down he lay~~ And upturn'd

His nostril wide into the murky air,

Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

MILTON.

28.] Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight.

MILTON.

33.—34.] Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,

The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

POPE.

FABLE XX.

The GREYHOUND.

ONCE while sleek CESAR lapp'd his noon-day broth,
 And cleans'd his oily lips, and whisker'd froth;
 The rage of hunger soberly suppress'd,
 Deep thoughts of various moment swell'd his breast.
 But, fix'd at length, he coolly weigh'd the case,
 "Which useful member claim'd superior grace?"
 He paus'd:—Around his limbs his eye-balls flew.
 Each claimant spoke, for each his meaning knew.
 Uprais'd in circling pomp, apply'd the TAIL:
 "I steer great CESAR 'thwart the winding vale;
 "As, curving wav'd, the labouring rudder guides
 "The bark's meander thro' the rolling tides."
 The length of LEGS, quick-shifting their firm tread,
 With out-stretch'd brawny muscles, proudly said:
 "We bear your Worship, o'er vast lawns and rocks,
 "Swift tow'rs the nimble Hare, and wily Fox."
 "To me his Grace superior service owes;"
 And, seeming, snuff'd the air, reply'd the NOSE:

76 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Dit le Nez, que je trouve l'aliment.—

Nous vous dirigez ou le trouver, repondent
Les Yeux.—Vous dites vrai, dit la Bouche;
Mais pouvez vous l'un empoigne un Lievre?
Levrier etant lassé avec leur disputes,
Dit à les,—ne disputez point; car l'un
Ne peut pas subsister sans les autres.

Si les ministres de gouvernement, ils disputent,
Donc ruine certaine il accompagnera.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

36.] And fear of death deliver to the winds.

MILTON.

39.] Our Translator has expressed himself in an *Oracular* manner, that is, with obscurity, ambiguity, and controvertibility. ROLLIN—if the Reader pleases—shall give an instance of this, for the sake of St. Jerom's reflection upon the matter.

When Cræsus was upon the point of invading the Medes, he consulted the oracle of Delphos upon the success of that war, and was answered, that by passing the river Halys, he would ruin a great empire. What empire, his own, or that of his enemies? He was to guess that; but whatever the event may be, the oracle could not fail of being in the right.

Quod si aliquis dixerit multa ab idolis esse prædicta; hoc sciendum, quod semper mendacium juxta veritatem, et sic sententias temperarint, ut, seu boni seu mali quid accidisset, utrumque possit intelligi.

Hieronym. in cap. xlii. ISAIAE.

'Twill be proper at last to avow that the Author most heartily prays, with a celebrated Prelate,——Save my country, heaven! POPE.

40,—42.] See Horace's Allegorical Ode.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 77

" My smell sagacious points the scented way
" Which leads your flying footsteps to the prey." 20

With dazzling splendor flash'd his lifted EYES,
And shot their lengthen'd glare around the skies:

" We shield you, when your headlong fury bounds

" O'er devious, far-protracted sweeps of grounds.

" Our wakeful lids the perilous fate control, 25

" Where rocks project, furze pierce, and torrents roll."

The MOUTH, wide-yawning, breath'd an airy cloud;

" Your words are words of weight, by truth allow'd:

" But, can speed, steerage, smell, or guardian care,

" Without these fangs fast-gripe the slipp'ry hare?" 30

CÆSAR with patient audience bore the suit;

Then thrice bade silence:—Rev'rence held them mute.

" On mutual help your mutual bliss depends;

" For every member reaps the aid it lends:

" Then let soft healing peace inspire your minds, 35

" And fling your idle jangling to the winds."

" The sweets of union every hour I feel:

" Blest union! still support the sovereign weal!"

When Statesmen—smile, Britannia's shores!—agree,

Smooth glides the peopled bark along the sea: 40

But, wrangling these,—ne'er gains her destin'd port,

Dash'd 'gainst harsh shelves and rocks, and of rough winds the sport.

78 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE XXI.

Le VOYAGEUR et les POIRES.

UN Voyageur, peu riche apparemment,
 Et mal reçu dans les hotelleries;
 De Poires à moitié pourries
 S'étoit chargé, faute d'argent.
 Il eût voulu, sans doute, en avoir de meilleures.
 Sa canne en main, très courageusement,
 Il a déjà marché quatre heures.
 La soif se fait sentir, et l'appétit survient,
 De ses Poires il se souvient,
 Et songe à fouiller dans sa poche.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

It has happened, as might indeed be expected, that this Translation frequently alludes to the 9th Book of Milton.

3.] Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door.

SMOLLET.

16,—18.] Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd.

A goodly tree far distant to behold
 Loaden with fruits of fairest colours mix'd
 Ruddy and gold.

MILTON.

FABLE XXI.

The TRAVELLER and the PEARS.

A TRAVELLER, whom no costly mantle grac'd,
Plann'd his long journey o'er a dreary waste:

Conscious no friendly lodge regales the poor,

No stately tavern opes its willing door;

Whilst his lank purse no needful silver bears,

5

He swells his copious pouch with tainted PEARS.

Doubtless he long'd for fruits in richer prime,

Fresh, blooming, and untouch'd by shriv'ling time.

His steps supported by his faithful cane,

He walk'd in fearless majesty the plain.

10

O'er his firm march ere linger'd twice-three hours,

Keen thirst and hunger shed their feebling pow'rs.

He droops;—the pouch occurs! with transport wild,

Occurs the pouch, where foodful plenty smil'd.

When lo! twice fifty paces from the road,

15

A cluster'd pear-tree spread its tempting load:

More luscious fruit, and lovelier to be seen,

Scarce grew on Eden's unpolluted green.

89 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Un poirier, dont les fruits sembloient délicieux,
Eloigné de cent pas, se présente à ses yeux.
Il jette au même instant ses Poires, et s'approche,
Voici dit-il, des mêts plus favoureux.
Il ne tiendra qu'à moi d'en manger, si j'en veux.
Et qui m'empêchera de me donner la peine,
D'en prendre pour demain, pour toute la semaine?

Il auroit pû raisonner mieux;
Car un large fossé s'opposoit à ses vœux.
Je ne puis dire, je l'avoue,
Quelle fut sa douleur, en voyant ce fossé,
Par lequel son espoir se trouvoit renversé.
Ce pauvre homme chercha ses poires dans la bouë,
Et les essuya bien, c'est tout ce que je sçai.

La même chose nous arrive.
Souvent nous quittons le certain,
Pour une belle perspective,
Qui se fait voir dans le lointain.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

23,—24.] This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted. MILTON.

Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, so pluck'd and eat my fill
I spar'd not. MILTON.

31,—37,—38.] The Author being at a loss for similies, the Translator
has endeavoured in both those places to furnish him with them.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 81

Instant his arm far-hurls each hoarded PEAR,
 While, with firm POWELL's stride, and joyous air, 20
 He spoke: "What fruits delicious glad my eyes?
 "Here taste, my leisure, a more fav'ry prize.
 "Who shall obstruct my will, where plenty grows,
 "To pluck, and eat in undisturb'd repose?
 "Who shall obstruct me, fated, to convey 25
 "A precious store for many a future day?"
 —Prudence! my every action deign to guide;
 Secur'd this moment, o'er the next preside.

Lo! a dread ditch oppos'd his fancy'd plan!
 Aghast, confounded, stood the breathless man: 30
 Scarce with more pain than he survey'd the gulf,
 The Gallic squadrons fac'd thee,—glorious WOLFE!
 He hung in fix'd despair his pensive head,
 While from his bosom each late comfort fled;
 Sought the discarded PEARS, with wild desire, 35
 Sought with fond haste, and wip'd the nauseous mire.
 So waves the half-drown'd suicide his hand,
 And eager seeks the late-deserted land.

Behold your image, simple men, behold!
 How oft you quit th' undoubted path to gold! 40
 Led by a devious meteor's brilliant hue,
 Which, dazzling fair aloof, allures the wild'ring view?

82 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

F A B L E XXII.

Le POISSON de RIVIERE et les POISSONS de MER.

UN petit Poisson de Rivière,
Dans le sein du vaste Ocean
Fut entraîné par le courant.
Les habitans de l'onde amère
Le reçurent avec plaisir.
Il faut ici vous établir,
Lui dirent ils d'un air affable ;

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

1,—4.] These lines are a professed parody on Mr. Pope's beautiful translation of a simile in Homer's Iliad.

As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills ;
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main.

20.] This perhaps may be a tolerable translation (tho' it was not intended for such) of that inimitable line,—Nec quæ

Saxos inter decurrunt flumina valles.

VIRGIL.

23.]

The watry throng,

Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if thro' plain,
Soft-ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill.

MILTON.

24.] This line may allude to the last in the following admired passage :

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitem restinguere rivo.

VIRGIL;

F A B L E XXII.

The RIVER FISH and the FISHES
of the OCEAN.

WHILST foaming floods, pour'd down the echoing hills,
O'erflow'd the furious currents of the rills;

A fresh-stream TROUT, swept from her native reign,
Roll'd to the bosom of the spacious main.

The OCEAN RACE receiv'd the sailing queen

5

With kind obsequious air, and courtly mien;

With pleasure wav'd around the wond'ring guest,

And thus the transport of their souls express'd:

"Be here, O welcome friend, your fixt abode,

"Nor back, slow-toiling, tempt the rough-stream'd road: 10

"Share every bliss that mighty Neptune yields

"Thro' all his wide domain, these liquid fields."

"Accept my thanks, the grateful TROUT reply'd,

"Fair, social tenants of the marble tide.

"Here could my raptur'd soul for ever taste

15

"Your gracious converse in this ample waste;

"But my parch'd breast, like Tantalus would pine,

"Amidst your nauseous beverage, ting'd with brine.

"Me, from my early youth, alone régales

"The sweet wave bubbling down the pebbly vales." 20

A SEA-BORN FISH reply'd with kindling heat:

"Not soft our fluid? not its flavour sweet?

84 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Vous menerez une vie agréable.
Je le voudrois, répondit le Poisson,
Mais vous avez une boisson,
Dont je hais l'amertume extrême :
L'eau douce est la seule que j'aime.
Ce que nous buvons est fort doux,
Répliqua l'un d'entre-eux.—Hélas! tant pis pour vous,
Si vous ne sçavez point distinguer l'amertume,
Dit le Poisson d'eau douce. Il paroît vos goûts
Sont dépravés par la coutume.

De même au fond du cœur de l'homme criminel
Le vice s'enracine, et devient naturel.

F A B L E XXIII.

L'ENFANT et le CHAT.

CERTAIN Enfant, dans la cour du logis,
Se promenoit, et mangeoit du fromage.

N O T E S.

Those Readers, who have not condemned the Translator for lengthening the fifteen lines of the GREYHOUND into forty-two, surely will not blame him for doubling this Fable.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 85

" Not rills that purling glide, or headlong roll,
 " With kindlier gust revive the thirsty soul."
 " Alas! resum'd the TROUT,—unhappy fate! 25
 " To death devote, ye glory in your state.
 " If undistinguish'd the harsh loathsome gall,
 " Call darkness light, and wormwood honey call.
 " 'Tis clear, unnatural use your sense depraves:
 " Adieu,—lost sisters of the briny waves!" 30

Insidious round the breast ill habits creep,
 Mix with the soil, and spread their fibres deep:
 Hence crimes spontaneous,—a dread harvest!—shoot,
 Deform th' angelic mind, and seem its genuine fruit.

F A B L E XXIII.

The CHILD and the CAT.

BRIGHT shone the chearly sun; all Nature smil'd:
 Brisk, o'er the threshold stepp'd the rustic CHILD;
 Travers'd the court, admir'd the blooming trees,
 And fauntering, guileless, munch'd his early Cheese.
 A CAT, with panting breast, beholds the prize, 5
 And darts the fiery longing of her eyes:

86 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Un Chat fuivoit, le jeune personnage,
 Et se frottant la tête à ses habits,
 Lui débitoit en son langage
 Les compliments les plus jolis,
 Sensible à tant de politesse,
 L'Enfant, après mainte caresse,
 De son déjeuner lui fait part.
 Le Chat sur le morceau se jette, et prend la fuite.
 Ah ! dit son bienfaiteur, je m'apperçois trop tard,
 Qu le seul intérêt dirige ta conduite.

Grands, c'est votre fortune, et non vous, que l'on fuit.
 Quand vous n'avez plus rien à donner chacun fuit.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

- 1.] That wont to be more chearful and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world. MILTON.
 9.—10.] As Julius Cæsar Scaliger says of Horace, "*Quem sonum,*
quos numeros, quam majestatem quæsit, obtinuit.—quam puritatem,
elegantiam, venustatem"—So the Translator hopes he may say of these
 lines,—*quam mæritatem, & puritatem*—"appetiit, consecutus est."
 7.] *Mihi prodeunt prodeambulas comes*—
 8.] *Tenuique roncho blanda te mihi affricas.*
 16.] *Plumâ columbæ turturisque mollior.*
 19.] *Avida, in volucrem profilis volucrior,*
Cita cursu, præpes ungue. MITISSA PET. MOLINÆI.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 87

With circling feet attends his devious tread,
 Soft o'er his mantle sweeps her fondling head:
 Now musically meek, mellifluous mews;
 Now hoarselier whirring, murmuring purrs pursues. 10
 Displays the arts which flattery bids her feign,
 Displays assiduous, nor displays in vain.
 —O flatt'ry! steep'd in nectar flies thy dart,
 And wins, with tickling wound, the willing heart.

The vanquish'd CHILD soft-strokes her whisker'd chin, 15
 Soft-smooths the downy velvet of her skin;
 And, whilst his bosom with fond rapture glows,
 Of the sought Cheese a generous morsel throws.
 —Bold PUSS with springing talons grasp'd the prey,
 Then stalk'd in thankless majesty away. 20

Exclaim'd the bounteous YOUTH: "Too late I find
 "What hidden springs direct thy narrow mind:
 "Ah me! The soothing music of thy tongue,
 "And fawning airs from vile self-interest sprung."

Why waits Dependance?—On your Lordship?—No. 25
 To grasp th' enriching favours you bestow:
 Exhausted these, Dependance scorns to wait,
 But quits your moss-grown walk, and spurns your rusty gate.

88 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE XXIV.

L'AMOUR et la RAISON.

DU tems que la Raison étoit dans son enfance,
C'étoit nouveaux jeux chaque jour ;

Elle goûtoit avec l'Amour

Mille plaisirs où brilloit l'Innocence.

Un jour d'été, dans un bois à l'écart,

Ils savouroint tous deux le charme de l'ombrage,

Ecoutant des oiseaux le gracieux ramage,

Quand du jeu de Collin-maillard

L'Amour donna l'invention première.

Tirons au fort dit le Dieu de Cythère,

Pour voir à qui de nous il échèra

D'être bandé—Sur le champ on tira ;

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

The Reader is again referred to the note on Fable II.

It will be necessary in this place to correct a remark on The Man and Fire, where it is said: "The Author looks upon this, as the only Antediluvian Fable in the World." For the present Tale has at least an equal title to that appellation.—'Tis to be hoped, that a Clergyman need not be under the necessity of making an apology for letting drop any occasional hint which may recal to the memory of his Readers—a too much neglected book, called, by way of eminence, The BIBLE.

7.] And *white-robb'd* innocence from heav'n descend.

POPE.

FABLE XXIV.

LOVE and REASON.

NEAR Eden's grove, and near the birth of Time,
Ere ripening REASON gain'd her roseate prime;
As roll'd on fervid wheels the golden Day,
His western beams beheld some new-born play.

Here REASON, with thy son, fair Cyprian queen!
Regal'd in countless gambols on the green:
Sweet Innocence her snowy mantle wore,
Pursued their footsteps, or walk'd pleas'd before.

One smiling summer's day the TRIFLERS stood
Far in the shady circuit of a wood:
An Oak's broad branch outspread its leafy shield,
And fann'd a soothing breeze around the field:
From every spray, soft-echoing through the grove,
The sylvan warblers swell'd their notes of love.

—Here first, the YOUTH who points the heart-felt flame,
Devis'd of Blindman-buff the ruffling game.

"Let these two straws' unequal length," he cry'd,

"The casual fortune of us both decide;

"Who plucks the shorter lot with luckless hand,

"Be o'er his eye-lids wrapp'd a filken band."

90 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

La courte paille en fit l'affaire;
 L'Amour perdit, il se mit en colère.
 Quand il fut appelé, la Raison le banda:
 Puis sans faire de bruit; la belle s'évada.
 L'Amour tâta, chercha, courut de plaine en plaine,
 Afin d'obliger la Raison
 De tirer ses yeux de prison;
 Mais hélas! sa peine fut vaine.
 Le Dieu des cœurs depuis n'a point vu la clarté,
 Et la Raison l'a toujours évité.

* * * * *

NOTES.

33,—36.] As our countrymen are accused of reading ill by a celebrated Orator, they are, in this place, directed in that particular, not by leaving out the points,—but by placing very long ones.

33,—36.] Agreeably to the laws laid down by the critics, which have been received ever since the days of Aristotle, who drew them from Homer, who had them from Nature, the Poet—pardon the expression—has disappeared on this occasion, and put what should have been spoken in his own person into the mouth of Cupid. He has lately treated the poor Bullock in the same manner.—And their speeches are printed,—as the Reader may perceive,—conformably to the example of modern patriots.

41.] The Reader will observe that the Translator has furnished this Fable with a Moral, which was wanting in the Original. He does not engage however, to be so liberal on every future occasion.—What a wonderful accession of knowledge is it, to be informed, what particular accident,—not to mention the exactness of the date—gave rise to the old proverb!

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 91

REASON agreed: "Come, CUPID, try your fate,
 "And let one moment close the fair debate."
 CUPID survey'd the straws with eager view;
 But the short lot his erring fingers drew.
 He curs'd, stamp'd, tore his tresses, beat his breast, 25
 And all the writhing pangs of rage express'd.
 Yielding at length, reluctant, to his lot,
 The filken bandage in a Gordian knot
 REASON firm bound:—then, tiptoe, took her flight,
 And left LOVE's pinion'd eye-balls lock'd in night. 30
 LOVE gropes, feels, headling scours the hills and dales,
 Fatigued pursues, and panting thick bewails:
 "Sweet REASON,—ease my pain,—oh! quick return;
 "Nor leave me wretched,—leave me thus to mourn!
 "By pleasures past,—by friendship's,—nature's ties, 35
 "Unlock th' eternal dungeon of my eyes!"
 In vain: No REASON listens to his pain;
 The youth pursues, laments, implores, in vain:
 In endless night still roams the god of hearts;
 And REASON still avoids his quiver and his darts. 40
 Cease, cease thy wonder, vainly poring sage!
 Why Wisdom weds to Folly,—Youth to Age;
 Why graceful Coelia chose a churlish hind;
 Why?—read the vulgar adage—LOVE IS BLIND.

FABLE XXV.

L'AVOCAT et son CLIENT.

UN Avocat fort éloquent,
Ne confideroit autre chose
Quand on le chargeoit d'une cause,
Que le plus ou le moins d'argent
Soit donné, soit au moins promis par son client.
L'espoir d'une ample récompense
Lui gagna tellement le cœur,
Qu' ayant entrepris la défense
D'un homme connu pour Voleur,
Il le sauva de la potence.
Le client, delivré de ce fâcheux procès,
Va trouver l'Avocat, et lui rend tous le fais :
Puis jettant un sac sur la table,
Daignez prendre ces mille écus,
Dit-il, en attendant le moment favorable,
Où je pourrai vous donner dix fois plus.
Je sçai jusqu'à quel point je vous suis redevable.

IMITATIONS.

- 2.] Suspicionē si quis errabit suā,
Et rapiet ad se quod erit commune omnium,
Stultē nudabit animi conscientiam.
Huic excusatum me velim nihilominus.
7.] — Dii talem terris avertite pestem.

PHÆDRUS.

VIRGIL.

F A B L E XXV.

The LAWYER and his CLIENT.

SKILL'D in the law's chicane, a pleading sage
Shone forth, the stern-brow'd * * * * of his age:

Fix'd, o'er his accents, rapt attention hung;

But ah! his heart bely'd his silver tongue!

Enslav'd by promis'd gold,—the Landlord's cause

Succeeds; the Tenant's wears a thousand flaws.

Far hence, O heaven! avert the direful curse,

Who measures Justice by the Client's purse.

Chain'd in a dungeon's gloom, a well-known THIEF

Sought from this learned COUNSEL swift relief:

The ample fees ensur'd the PATRON's heart,

The callous PLEADER ply'd each mazy art;

From the Law's iron grasp the victim drew,

And robb'd expecting Tyburn of its due.

Freed from his shackles, and impending woes,

To seek his shelt'ring friend the CLIENT goes:

His loaded bags discharge the promis'd hoard,

Five hundred sterling angels gild the board.

“Receive, kind sir, from ever grateful hands,

“This small, small earnest of your great demands:

“When Fortune smiles success, some future day,

“This debt my tenfold gratitude shall pay.

94 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

La nuit survient. L'Avocat bien content,
Retient chez lui son genereux Client :

Vous êtes fatigué sans doute,
Et de repos vous avez grand besoin :
D'ailleurs vous venez de bien loin,
Il est trop tard pour vous remettre en route.

Cet homme reste. On soupe. On se couche.

A minuit

L'étranger se lève sans bruit,
Réveille l'Avocat, et sans que rien le touche,

D'un bâillon lui ferme la bouche,
Il reprend ses écus, ouvre le coffre fort,
Saisit avidement tout l'argent et tout l'or ;

Puis d'un ton moqueur et farouche,
Adieu, dit-il, jusqu'au revoir.

Je vous souhaite le bon soir.

Peut-on compter sur la reconnaissance
De ceux à qui on fait du bien
Aux dépens de la conscience ?

Homme sans probité, vous ne méritez rien,
Qu' ingratitude et qu' insolence.

IMITATIONS.

21.] ———— Then let me not pass

Occasion which now smiles.

Dr. Johnson.

25.] The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world

Expands her sable wings.

Armstrong.

47,—48.] Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,

Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,

The peaceful slumber, self-approving dry,

Unfulfilled fame, and conscience ever gay.

Dr. Johnson.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 95

" From you my new-born life and safety flow,
 " Who screen'd this carcase from the shades below."

Lo! night resumes her throne, and dusky robe, 25
 And nods her ebon sceptre o'er the globe.

The well-paid LAWYER treats with high regard,
 And gracious, thus bespeaks his noble ward:

" Tir'd with the tedious road, my gen'rous guest,
 " Your feebled limbs demand the sweets of rest: 30
 " Your home's far distance 'scapes the noon-day fight:
 " O shun the darksome perils of the night."

The stranger nods assent: the table spread
 Invites; they sup; each jovial seeks his bed.

The THIEF, safe-mantled in the midnight gloom, 35
 Enters, on tiptoe step, the LAWYER's room:

Gives his awaking harangues to the winds;
 Wide-gags his jaws, his struggling arms fast-binds;
 Swift to his iron chest applies the keys,
 And eager seizes the late-boarded fees. 40

Affiduous sweeps the orphan-ruin'd gains,
 Till not one denier of his wealth remains.

Then speaks with voice austere, and scoffing tone;
 (Loud roars the gaping Miscreant a long groan;)

" Adieu,—till next my presence you behold: 45
 " May Plutus' angels crown your dreams with gold!"

What! hope for gratitude, detested tribe!

Who sell your heav'n-born Conscience for a bribe?
 Accurs'd the hands those sacred spoils adorn!

And ever doom'd to reap ingratitude and scorn! 50

FABLE XXVI.

L'OEILLET et l'ARROSOIR.

VOUS êtes un charmant objet,

La plus aimable fleur que forma la nature,

Malgré sa brillante parure ;

La rose vous admire, tout cède à l'Oeillet.

A ce début flatteur l'Oeillet parut sensible.

Mais votre tige, ajouta l'Arrosoir,

Panche trop d'un côté : ce défaut est visible ;

Chacun peut s'en appercevoir,

Si je vous humectois, vous seriez moins flexible,

Et la sécheresse nuisible

Sur votre tige auroit moins de pouvoir.—

NOTES.

6.] The Translator has in this case wilfully deviated from the Original. For he must undoubtedly be allowed to know human Nature considerably better—than the present speechifier. And he can easily prove that a woman who had professed herself a rapturous Admirer of a fine person of her own sex, could not upon trial bear the mention of one, without betraying evident symptoms of Envy.

F A B L E XXVI.

The CARNATION and the WATERING-POT.

“ O RICH in every charm, in every grace,
 “ That Nature sheds o’er this embroider’d space!
 “ For whom she rised all the brilliant dyes,
 “ Then, loud-exulting said, “ CARNATION rise!”
 “ Swift, your alluring beauties shine reveal’d, 5
 “ While sick’ning envy blights th’ enamel’d field;
 “ The stately Rose conceals her blushing head,
 “ And the tall Tulip shrinks into his bed.”
 —O flatt’ry! baneful nurse of pride below!
 Here first the Flow’r conceiv’d thy rapt’rous glow. 10
 “ But,—the fond VASE resum’d,—my loveliest gem,
 “ Ah! too obliquely leans your languid stem:
 “ The lightest breath of every feeble gust
 “ May sweep your drooping glories to the dust.
 “ Veil this soft blemish from th’ incurious eye— 15
 “ O let my drizzling tube fresh balm supply!
 “ Your upright stalk might brave the solar ray,
 “ Thro’ the wide circuit of the burning day:

O

98 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

A ces mots, un morne silence,
Un air sérieux et glacé,
Furent la triste récompense
Du zèle défintéressé
De cet ami tendre et sensé,
Qui désormais obligé de se taire,
Se reduisit à supplier les dieux
De répandre du haut des cieux
Sur cette fleur chérie une onde salutaire.

Tout reproche, Damon, vous paroît odieux ;
Toute leçon vous semble amère ;
Vous êtes l'Ocillet précieux,
L'ami qui vous reprend est l'Arrosoir sincère.

N O T E S.

31.] One cannot help pitying the poor Watering-Pot, and Damon's Friend : Certainly there was no sufficient ground for the treatment they received. A very ancient writer, indeed, says : " For upbraiding, or pride, or a treacherous wound,—for these things, every friend will depart."—But, as nothing of this kind appears in the instance before us, the Carnation and Damon are plainly chargeable with a false delicacy.

2. SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 99

"Still might your spicy scents perfume the ground,
"Tho' each parch'd flow'r hung languishing around." 20

Thus, led by sympathy, the VASE express'd
The anxious feelings of her gentle breast.

But, oh, what melancholy fates attend
This generous kindness of the zealous friend!
The FLOW'R, in haughty silence, frown'd chagrin, 23
Assum'd a fullen air, and frigid mien;

Thence tow'rd's the VASE a low'ring aspect wore:—
The check'd adviser op'd his lips no more;
But secret pray'd: "Look down, propitious gods!
"Look down, in mercy, from your starr'd abodes; 30

"Soft on my fav'rite PLANT distil your dew;
"Her stem support, revive her fading hues."

Harsh to my Damon soft reproofs appear,
Damon the mildest caution deems severe; 31
You, Damon, droop,—th' inestimable FLOW'R!
Your friend—the zealous VASE that spreads the soft'ring show'r.

FABLE XXVII.

Les TOILES D'ARAIGNEE.

UN homme riche, et de plus en faveur,
Ayant commis un crime énorme,
Des loix, par son crédit, évita la rigueur.
Il fut un peu blâmé, seulement pour la forme.
Un autre homme, qui n'avoit rien,
Crut que, s'il se rendoit également coupable,
Il jouiroit d'un sort tout aussi favorable.
Quelqu'un lui dit.—Ah! gardez vous en bien.
Voyez ces toiles suspendues,
Et par une araignée habilement tissues.
La guêpe les traverse, et n'y demeure pas.
Mais la mouche plus foible, y trouve le trépas.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

Surely the Original might have been more explicit. The Translation, on that account, is probably mistaken. Murder,—if it was murder—could hardly be forgiven in France, when the same offence committed by a nobleman was not long ago punished with death in the land of mercy.

15,—20.] —So her disembowel'd web

Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: the secret stands
Within her woven cell: The humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils—
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanding wings, &c.

PHILIPS.

FABLE XXVII.

FABLE XXVII.

The COBWEBS.

A NOBLE PEER, enrich'd from India's climes,
The great, the fav'rite COURTIER of the times,
With headlong pride disdain'd all social bands,
And steep'd in friendship's blood his conscious hands.
But grace and royal mercy flew to save
The well-starr'd victim from th' expecting grave.
The easy trial o'er, ('twas purely form)
In a soft lecture clos'd the threat'ning storm.

An heir of want, by prosp'ring vice mislead,
The secret spring unseen, exulting said:—
" Suppose my conduct steer with equal blame,
" What hazard would await my life or fame?
" Those forfeit lands receiv'd their pristine lord,
" (In vain Law grimly grin'd) to life restor'd.
With eager haste reply'd his list'ning friend:—

" From sure perdition, Heav'n thy life defend!
" See, where that busy SPIDER hangs her spoils,
" And spreads with nimble feet her airy toils.
" The WASP, on vigorous pinions tempts the snares;
" The feeble FLY their equal vengeance dares:—
" That bursts triumphant thro' the yielding loom;
" This meets amidst the threads its tangling tomb."

FABLE XXVIII.

L'ARBRE et le RUISSEAU.

PRES d'un agréable Ruisseau,
 Croissoit un Arbre, asyle de Poiseau,
 Qui gazouilloit sous son épais feuillage.
 Autour de cet Arbre si beau
 Mille fleurs ornoient le Rivage.
 L'herbe des environs, à la fraîcheur de l'eau
 Devoit sa charmante verdure :
 Et la terre de sa parure,
 De son éclat toujours nouveau,
 Remercioit cette onde pure.
 Que manque-t-il à ma félicité ?
 Disoit l'Arbre joyeux. Que faut-il que je craigne ?

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

3,—5.] A former Translation has particularly mentioned what kind of a Tree this was, and what kind of Birds they were that sat and sung among its branches : but the present has kept closer to the Original, to prevent the possibility of a mistake.

5,—6.]The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime

Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,

And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad,

SPENSER.

FABLE XXVIII.

The TREE and the BROOK.

WHERE, nigh its bubbling fount, a winding RILL,
 Roll'd its soft channel down a murmuring hill;
 A lovely TREE her towering pomp display'd,
 And hung, in ample foliage, round the glade:
 Thick sate the feathery tribe her leaves among,
 And in sweet music tun'd the soothing song. 5
 Whilst near the blooming TREE, in glossy pride,
 Unnumber'd flowers o'erlook'd the silver tide.
 Whence sprung the verdure? Whence the blooming scene?
 Whence laughs the vivid earth in chearly green? 10
 —The faithful BROOK renew'd its watry load,
 And fed the grateful nurs'ry, as it flow'd.
 The TREE, exulting, cast her haughty view,
 Where roll'd the living streams, for ever new,
 And spoke: "My state all-wasting time defies; 15
 "Unmov'd, tho' lev'ling tempests round me rise:
 "Till bursting earthquakes heave the central pole,
 "Firm stands, on adamant, my solid bole.

164 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

L'aimable Ruiffeau qui me baigne
 Conservera longtems ma vie et ma beauté.—
 Il eût été moins fier, s'il eût fçu que cette onde
 S'infinoit fecrettement
 Jufqu'à la racine profonde
 Qui lui fervoit de fondement,
 Et qu'elle la fappoit imperceptiblement.

La plupart des plaifirs que goute la jenneffe
 Sont des pièges trompeurs, c'eft la mort qui les drefle.
 Ils attaquent nos jours, mais infenfiblement.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

15. — [15.] Perhaps it will be faid, that the Tree, whatever Tree it was, here fpeaks too pompoufly. But it will be remembered, that the fpeech proceeds from a fpirit of blindnefs and boafing: and when thofe two qualities meet, every one knows on what a flight foundation they will build, and to what height they will endeavour—to carry the fuperftructure.

26.] And fteals unfeen the fuftry hours away.

THOMSON.

28.] Nor leave one remnant of a grace behind.

COLERIDGE.

30.] Whole tender looks do tremble every one,

At ev'ry little blaft, that under heav'n is blown.

SPENSER.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 103

"That lovely RILL, which, never-ceasing, laves,
"Still round my fibres winds its fertile waves; 20
"Still must its fluid balm this life adorn,
"And guard secure, to ages yet unborn."
—Blind to the future! curb thy swelling state,
On Spiders' flimsy film depends thy fate.
Those pleasing streams, that feed the flowery land, 25
With daily wasting steal the rolling sand;
Beneath thy deepest roots, insidious, flow,
Nor leave one remnant of support below.
Ev'n now thy loosen'd trunk leans o'er the vale,
An easy prey to every feeble gale: 30
And oh! untimely! ere the morning dawn,
Perchance thy graceful ruins press the lawn.

When pleasure's fruits, fond, silly Youth! invite,
From the fair poison guard the longing sight:
Their tainted juice, deep-ting'd with icy death, 35
Creeps silent to the heart, and chills the vital breath.

FABLE XXIX.

La CORME et la jeune FILLE.

UNE Corne brillante et fraîche,
 D'une jeune fillette avoit charmé les yeux;
 Mais ce fruit qui sembloit un fruit délicieux,
 Au goût parut dur et revêché.
 Quoi, lui dit la fillette ! un si beau colois,
 Cache un amertume effroyable;
 Et pour le trouver agréable,
 Il faut que par le tems ses appas foyent flétris.

NOTES.

The Reader is once more referred to Fable II.

To all unmarried Ladies, from twenty to thirty years of age, within his Majesty's dominions.—The Author, ever solicitous for the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and an avowed advocate for for his fair fellow-subjects, has undertaken this Translation purely for their service, and humbly recommends it to their perusal. He claims little merit from the execution of it; but is intitled to some for his intention—which was to prevent their being buried alive amidst the lumber of those disagreeable beings, ycleped OLD MAIDS.—Disagreeable,—not in themselves—for

F A B L E XXIX.

The SORB-APPLE and the young GIRL.

A SERVICE-TREE, with fresh-cheek'd APPLES crown'd,
 Outspread its glowing clusters all around:
 By chance FLIRTILLA cast her wand'ring eyes,
 And grasp'd with eager gaze the lovely prize:
 Her bosom flam'd th' inviting SORB to taste;
 She stretch'd her fairy steps with rapid haste.
 But, false the fruitage, which so brilliant hung,
 Its rough harsh-pointed verjuice rasp'd her tongue!
 Her sputtering lips proclaim'd her ireful spleen;
 She flung the tasted SORB alope the green:
 And spoke fastidious: "Thy fair lovely glow
 Conceals a nauseous acid taste below.
 "Ne'er will thy sav'ry juice the tooth engage,
 "Till long, long temper'd by soft-mellowing age:
 "No more thy sweet vermilion charms my view;
 "So,—lovely fraud, receive my last adieu."

108 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Que ton injustice est extrême,
Lui répondit la Corne, eh ! n'est-tu pas de même,
Par l'effet seul de ton humeur ?
Te voila jeune, fraîche, belle,
Ton amant est tendre et fidèle,
Et loin d'avoir cette douceur,
Qu' annonce de tes traits la grace naturelle,
Tu n'as qu' amertume et qu' aigreur :
Chois-moi n'attens pas que les rides,
Amortissent ton âpreté :
Les injures du tems ne sont que trop rapides,
C'est un cruel moyen de perdre la fierté.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

what order of creatures is more distinguished for candour, sweetness, — and universal benevolence ! But he means, a state disagreeable in itself, and unfavourable to the true interests of society, and which is generally attended with the uncomfortable reflection, that they once or least might, with a decent prospect, have entered into the most honourable of all connections. But, now alas ! * * * * *

16.] Et longum, formose, vale, vale, inquit, Iola.

VIRGIL.

17,—18.] The Sæks, enraged as it was, would not have called names :

For this is a sure symptom of a bad cause, and a still worse defender ; not to mention its being the language of the ladies of B—.

22.] O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori.

VIRGIL.

31.] To thee I call, but with no friendly voice.

MILTON.

The author acknowledges that the latter part of this Fable is lengthened out too much in the Ovidian manner. But this was done designedly, to imprint so important a lesson the more strongly on his fair disciples.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 109

The kindling SORB reply'd: " My pretty scold !
 " Unripe in judgment, but in censure bold !
 " Delusion's child ! thyself, belike, the same ;
 " By meer harsh humours stamp'd with equal blame ! 20
 " Behold, what generous rapture swells the Youth,
 " Whose lips are faithful love, his bosom truth !
 " He, tender soul ! expands his nuptial arms,
 " To clasp thy youthful, brilliant, showy charms ;
 " Nor knows what bitter tints, vain GIRL, disgrace 25
 " The fair, but faithless sample of thy face.
 " But say, proud scorner, is thy mind replete
 " With every lovely charm ?—thy temper sweet ?
 " No !—loathsome roughness its dire acid pours
 " Around thy heart, and all thy bosom fours. 30
 " Yet hear the hateful SORB, who friendly speaks ;
 " Trust not the brilliance of thy fading cheeks ;
 " Snatch, snatch the present hour ; ere beauty's dead,
 " And every prospect of a suitor fled.
 " Now light the bridal torch ; nor simply stay, 35
 " 'Till Youth, in furrow'd wrinkles frown away."

Ye British fair, ye angels in your prime,
 Risque, risque no conquests on deceitful time ;
 Time sweeps with envious stealth your sprightly bloom,
 And leaves, for Lovers scorn'd, remorse, despair,—a tomb. 40

FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

FABLE XXX.

The VIOLETTE et le LIERRE.

LE printemps finissoit. D'excessives chaleurs
Faisoient languir les plantes et les fleurs.

La Violette humble et modeste

Qui vivoit à l'écart dans un vaste jardin,

Secrettement se plaignoit, mais en vain,

De la nature et du coureur céleste.

Un jardinier, muni d'un arrosoir,

Visita les fleurs et les plantes :

Sur celles que ses yeux purent appercevoir,

Il répandit des eaux rafraîchissantes.

La Violette en avoit grand besoin.

La timidité naturelle

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

This Fable has been excellently done before : but the present Translator hopes that he has not laboured unprofitably to exceed.

5.] Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.

MILTON.

6.] —Heav'nly fragrance fill'd The circuit wide.

MILTON.

7,—8.] By solitude and deep surrounding shades,

But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.

THOMSON.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. III

FABLE XXX.

The VIOLET and the IVY.

NOW soft-ey'd Spring resign'd her genial reign,
And beaming Cancer parch'd the thirsty plain :
Low languish'd every plant, and every flower ;
Nor envious skies distill'd one balmy shower.

Where a fair Garden stretch'd its purple pride, 5
And fragrant sweets perfum'd the circuit wide ;
Sequester'd in a shade, from public view
Remote, a modest humble **VIOLET** grew.
The drooping **PLANT** preferr'd her secret sighs
'Gainst baleful nature, and the flaming skies : 10
In vain ! No showery drops her thirst appease,
Nor cooling winds diffuse one gentle breeze.

Along his scorch'd domain, with welcome pace,
See ! the mild **GARD'NER** bears the loaded Vase.
On every side, far as his lids survey, 15
His gracious footsteps bend their willing way.
With soft parental hand, he gently pours
The drizzling dews around the rising flowers.

112 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

L'empêcha de parler. Que ne s'adressoit-elle
 Au jardinier qui ne la voyoit point ?
 Il l'auroit à l'instant arrosée avec soin,
 Près d'un mur, éloigné de cette fleur aimable,
 Végétoit tristement un Lierre méprisable.
 Le jardinier passa, sans détourner les yeux.
 Daignez, lui dit alors cette inutile plante,
 Daignez ô mortel genereux,
 Calmer la soif qui me tourmente,
 Sa hardiesse eut un succès heureux,
 L'arrosoir aussi tôt, favorable à ses vœux,
 Vint raminer sa tige languissante.

Dangereux timide,
 Que vous faites de tort à la société !
 Que vous cachez de gens aimables,
 De gens éclairés et savans !
 Que vous étouffez de talens !
 Que vous faites de misérables !

NOTES AND IMITATIONS.

21,—22.] Parody on those favourite lines of Virgil's—*Ter conatus
 ibi, &c.* Which his excellent Translator has rendered thus:

Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw ;

Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew. PITT.

23, &c.] The Author in most cases has used the terms *he* or *she*, which, according to that incomparable Grammarian Dr. Lowth, the English language will admit of, and which is a beauty unknown to any other tongue: but has here applied the term *it* to the worthless Ivy; which the world justly attributes to that exotic creature called a *Maccaroni*.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 113

The humble VIOLET 'midst dire tortures pin'd;
But in-born dread each struggling with confin'd. 20

Thrice on her opening lips soft accents hung:
Thrice the sunk periods faint'd on her tongue.

—Say, shrivell'd PLANT, Why dauntless not apply?

Thy shaded presence 'scapes his parent eye.

O speak! the fluid drops thy thirst will share; 25

O'er every plant expands his equal care.

Behind, far distant from the flowery gem,

An IVY crept, and rear'd its languid stem:

Rich in assurance, tho' in merit small,

It grasp'd with wither'd arms the dusky wall. 30

But while th' assiduous FLORIST lav'd the ground,

Nor tow'rd the IVY turn'd his looks around;

Deign, sir, oh deign," bemoan'd the fordid plant,

"Deign, oh beneficence, my prayer to grant!"

"Let that cool fluid some slight comfort yield, 35

"And from these piercing fires my bosom shield!"

Inflam'd with suppliant boldness, the request

Attracts his ear, and wins his melting breast.

Swift to its needful aid the vase arrives;

Swift drops its languor, and its soul revives. 40

Sunk in Timidity's unnerving shades,

Fair Genius shrinks, and all her brilliance fades;

Dares not to Pity's eye her woes reveal,

Nor sheds one glory on the public weal.

F A B L E XXXI.

La PAISAN et la RIVIERE.

CERTAIN manant voyageoit pour affaire ;
Il n'avoit point vû de riviere.—

Il en voit une—Eh ! bon Dieu ! Qu' est ici ?

Dit-il comment ferai je ? Ou trouver un passage ?

Quand je suis sorti du village,

On ne m'a point parlé du fossé que voici.

Le sauter à pieds joints n'est pas chose facile :

Alleyons nous :—cette eau s'écoulera.

Dans deux heures au plus rien ne m'empêchera :

De passer outre, et d'aller à la ville.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

The first six lines of this Fable, with several corrections, and the concluding verses of the Moral, were supplied by the learned friend mentioned before, who likewise assisted in correcting the Man and the Fire.

1, &c.] As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,

And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes ;

If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,

And foam impervious cros the wanderer's way,

Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,

Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd returns at last.

POPE.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 115

FABLE XXXI.

The PEASANT and the RIVER.

A HOMEBRED SWAIN, thro' whose unfruitful land
No riv'let, gliding, lav'd the thirsty sand,
Far from his cot, by business urg'd abroad,
Paus'd—where a novel stream beset his road;
And cry'd, in gaping wonder lost, and fear, 5
“Heav'ns blefs us! what strange dreadful thing is here!
“Cross'd are my hopes, and my success is o'er;
“No passage bears me to the adverse shore!
“O, had some friendly guide, some neighb'ring hind,
“Who knew my project, and the road design'd, 10
“Foretold this stream,—ere I, a thoughtless swain,
“Tow'rds yon far village wilder'd o'er the plain!
“Suppose at one advent'rous spring I bound
“Sheer o'er—What spring can reach the distant ground?
“Here then this mossy bank my limbs shall ease, 15
“While pours the emptying current to the seas:
“Sure, now so rapid, ere two hours are fled,
“Its shallowing waves must leave their naked bed;

116 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Ayant fini ce beau discours,
 Il attendit, et demeura tranquille :
 Mais en dépit du manant imbécille,
 L'eau coule, et coulera toujours.
 Il n'est rien, dites-vous, que le temps n'affoiblisse :
 Je vaincrai quelque jour ce dangereux penchant,
 Que je ne puis surmonter maintenant.—
 Hélas ! jeune esclave du vice,
 Vous ressemblez au païsan ;
 Vous attendez que le fleuve tarisse.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

13,—14.] At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. **MILTON.**

21,—22.] I thither went
 With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake. **MILTON.**

24,—25, and 31,—34.] Vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
 Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
 Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum. **HORACE.**

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 117

" Stopp'd by no future bar, success will crown

" My speedy journey to the destin'd town."

20

Thus HOMEBRED clos'd his philosophic speech,
Then press'd, with peaceful limbs, the flowery beach;
And watch'd—as westward sunk the solar beam,
Long watch'd the gradual wasting of the stream:

In vain expecting! the fierce torrent rolls

25

From gushing founts, whilst whirl the glowing poles.

Cease your fond maxim, FLORIO,—cease to say,

" Time shrinks all nature to her sure decay."

What? lengthen'd years the foster'd vice disarm?

They swell, with growing strength, the fatal charm.

30

Now crush the vice, that mocks your vigorous prime;

Nor risque the conquest on the chance of time.

View here, unthinking youth, corruption's slave!

View your dread picture in this HIND and WAVE:

In vain you wait till habit's tide is gone,

35

Which, like the ceaseless waves, still rushes furious on.

FABLE XXXII.

La PERDRIX et le CHIEN de CHASSE.*

A PRES s'être longtems fatigué dans la plaine,

Un Chien découvre et sent une Perdrix.

Il s'arrête, se couche, et retient son haleine.—

Ce Chien paroît de mes amis,

Dit l'Oiseau dupe : il est doux et tranquille ;

Son caractère est bon : son humeur est civile.

Vraiment, c'est un bel animal.—

Le Chasseur attentif reconnoît le signal,

S'approche, fait du bruit. La Perdrix imbécille

Se lève, et dans son sein reçoit le plomb fatal.

Craignez un ennemi, moins lorsqu'il vous outrage,

Que lorsqu'il adoucit les traits de son visage.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

* Quære, Ought not *de Chasse* to be *couchant* ?

2.] With many a weary step, and many a groan.

POPE.

3,—4.] The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose

Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows ;

Against the wind he takes his prudent way,

While the strong gale directs him to the prey :

Now the warm scent assures the covey near,

He treads with caution, and he points with fear.

GAY.

17,—19.] The scattering lead pursues the certain fight,—

The woodcock flutters ; how he wav'ring flies !

The wood resounds : he wheels, he drops, he dies.

GAY.

F A B L E XXXII.

The PARTRIDGE and the SETTING-DOG.

WHEN PEDRO's steps had roam'd with vain fatigue
 Many a long weary mile, and many a league;
 At last his joyous nostrils try'd the vales,
 And snuff'd a PARTRIDGE in the scented gales.
 He paused: he gently sunk: he low reclin'd: 5
 His panting lungs repress'd their struggling wind.
 His mien the simple-hearted BIRD commends;
 And ranks false PEDRO 'mongst her guardian friends:
 Then cry'd: "That graceful form! so lovely fair!
 "Those glitt'ning eyes diffuse the sweetest air! 10
 "The gentle Creature true politeness shows,
 "Nor frights with forward steps my calm repose!"
 The well-taught sign the watchful SPORTSMAN knew,
 And tow'rd's th' enchanted victim softly drew;
 Then furious spurn'd the ground: up trembling springs 15
 The whirring PARTRIDGE—fans her feeble wings:
 Quick flies the levell'd lead;—quick whirl'd around,
 She faints, her headlong carcase beats the ground.
 When stern-brow'd wrath proclaims the ruthless foe,
 The shield of caution wards th' expected blow: 20
 But smiling looks conceal the hostile dart,
 Till, every fear disarm'd, it plunges to the heart.

F A B L E XXXIII.

L'OYE et le LOUP.

FOIBLE et timide ! moi !... Ce reproche est frivole.
 Parmi les gens de cœur j'en tiens le premier rang :
 Mes peres n'ont ils pas sauvé le Capitole ?
 Ainsi parloit une Oye au milieu d'un étang.
 Une Louve a nourri le fondateur de Rome,
 Disoit un Loup de son côté :
 Je suis donc plus humain, plus bienfaisant que l'homme.—

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

Bless me ! the perpetual enquiry of one's friends, When will the work be finished ? and the importunity of the printer for more copy, are enough to distract one. The latter, but the other day, seized upon a sheet scarcely half finished, to silence the clamours of the press : and the former, if they will have a little patience, will find it, in some measure, rewarded by the addition of several Fables more than were intended. Among these, the following is one ; of which they must infallibly have been deprived, if the *mighty* work had been finished a few days sooner.

4.] The fierce hyæna, fellest of the fell.

THOMSON.

5.—15.] As these two transactions reflect the greatest honour on the two boasters ; they were undoubtedly in the right to make the most of them : in which the Translator has assisted them not a little.

7.] Virgil has omitted these circumstances, tho' they are mentioned by Livy.

FABLE XXXIII.

The GOOSE and the WOLF.

“**M**INE, mine a feeble soul? a dastard race?
 “Blast the false author of the foul disgrace!
 “My blood, ’midst laurel’d heroes, lives enroll’d
 “In annal’d fame, the boldest of the bold.
 “When Gaul’s dread squadrons, veil’d in midnight gloom,
 “Sore press’d the leaguer’d tow’r of famish’d Rome;
 “And every guard and keen-ear’d dog, asleep,
 “Had seiz’d with silent stealth the rocky steep;
 “Who swell’d the clanging clarion, echoing far?
 “Who rous’d brave MANLIUS, to repel the war?
 “Thou, patriot chief! whence springs my noble line,
 “Thine was th’ alarming voice,—the glory thine!”
 —Thus a vain Goose in boastful tenor spake,
 Perch’d on the peaceful bosom of a lake.
 “Ere Rome’s wide empire, or its towers began,
 “Who shew’d superior grace, a WOLF, or MAN?
 An high-bred WOLF exclaim’d with haughtier pride,
 And press’d the willowy margin of the tide.

122 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Sur ce ton plein de vanité
 Comme ils s'entretenoient ensemble,
 Un milan fond sur l'oye. Effrayée, elle tremble,
 Et dans le sein des eaux cherche sa fureté.
 Une brebis d'un troupeau se sépare
 Près de l'étang. Le loup voyant qu'elle s'égare,
 L'arrête, et la dévore avec avidité.

Nobles, qui vous parez du mérite des autres,
 Cessez de nous vanter vos ancêtres fameux,
 Si les vertus de vos ayeux
 Ne sont pas en même-temps les vôtres.

NOTES.

21.] Livy, Book 1. Chap. 2, may be consulted here.

24.] Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, observes, that the Wolf is often to be seen in this attitude, in gems and relievos. — Virgil is obliged to Ennius for the — *Gemeneique huic ubera circum*

Ludunt pendentes pueri. — The present Wolf mentions but one.

The *tereti cervice reflexam*, is Tully's. WARTON.

The learned Reader will see that these two speeches bear some resemblance to the historical account of Livy, and to two compartments in the shield of Æneas in Virgil. A question therefore will very naturally arise, "Whether the last, or the present speaker had ever read those celebrated authors? or they themselves had found these anecdotes amongst the records of the *Asnerian* and *Lupéan* families?" But these are enquiries which would take up a complete volume; and perhaps after all would not be satisfactorily decided, till Constantine's donation to the see of Rome is indisputably proved.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 123

" Man,—wretch relentless ! lost to Nature's ties,
" Expos'd a babe !—it moan'd with melting cries. 20

" A WOLF flew panting to the sacred grove,
" With tender breast supply'd her fost'ring love ;
" Nurs'd with a mother's care, th' adopted child,
" And, her smooth neck reclining, fondly smil'd.
" —Heav'ns ! milkiest kindness swells my every vein ! 25
" Beyond the boastful sons of Eve humane !"

Each miscreant thus pronounc'd his genuine worth,
Drawn from the ancient honours of his birth.

Lo ! from mid æther, born with headlong flight,
Descends on terror's wings a furious KITE ; 30

The dastard Goose shrinks from her boasted blood,
And plunges, trembling, down th' inclosing flood.

—A straggling lamb forsakes its fleecy friends,
And tow'rs the flowery brink its journey bends :

The sanguine WOLF forgets the fost'ring dam, 35
And, springing, seizes the soft-bleating lamb :

And while from every vein the life-blood swims,
His savage fangs devour its quivering limbs.

Mean sons of Heroes ! whom no more inspires
The martial glow that swell'd your godlike fires ! 40

Ye stain the hallow'd wreaths their virtues won ;
And boast their trophies to the blushing sun !

FABLE XXXIV.

Le SAVETIER et le FINANCIER.

IL y avoit au coin d'une rue un Savetier,
 Qui chantoit depuis le matin jusqu'au soir.
 C'étoit un plaisir de l'entendre :
 Il étoit plus content qu'un Roi.
 Son voisin, au contraire, homme extraordinairement riche,
 Chantoit peu, et dormoit encore moins.
 Si après n'avoir pu fermer l'oeuil, de toute la nuit,
 Il s'endormoit quelquefois le matin,
 Le Savetier alors ne manquoit pas de l'éveiller
 En chantant : et le riche se plaignoit,
 De ce qu'on ne pouvoit pas acheter le dormir
 Au marché, comme on y achete le boire et le manger.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

This Fable, which was translated at the request of a young gentleman, at that time a pupil of the author's, would not have been inserted in this collection, had not one of the original Fables appeared without rhyme. The only excuse for breaking the original prose in the manner it now stands, is that no other means would be used to preserve the uniformity of the French page.

5.] Apostrophe, in imitation of Milton—Sleep on blest pair, &c.

FABLE XXXIV.

The COBLER and the FINANCIER.

WHERE * * * * street o'erlooks an humble stall,
 There grac'd with apron, hammer, and an awl,
 Brown CRISPIN sat enthron'd. His constant lay
 Awak'd the rising, clos'd the setting day.
 —Heir of Content! thy silver notes prolong, 5
 While listening rapture bends to hear thy song!
 Across the neighb'ring street, fair fortune shed
 Her golden treasures o'er a STATESMAN's head.
 But Care's wan ghost his tuneful song forbids:
 Nor sleep's soft opiates lull his sullied lids. 10
 If, wakeful all night long, his pensive eyes
 Half-doze, when fresh Aurora streaks the skies;
 Shrill CRISPIN's voice in swelling echoes shakes
 His filky slumbers, and his woe awakes.
 The man of wealth bewail'd, and sighing deep, 15
 With languid looks bespoke the pow'r of sleep:
 "Wert thou, like market viands, bought and sold,
 "Cheap were thy purchase for Peruvia's gold!"

126 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

Un jour il envoya querir l'heureux chanteur
Et lui demanda combien il gagnoit par an ?
Par an ! dit le gaillard de Savetier : ma foi
Monfieur, ce n'est point comme cela que je compte :
Il me fuffit de joindre les deux bouts de l'année
Ensemble : mais chaque jour amène fon pain.

Eh bien, que gagnez-vous donc par jour,
Reprit le Riche ? Tantôt plus,
Tantôt moins, répondit l'autre.
Cela iroit affez bien, s'il n'y avoit pas tant de fêtes,
Ou on ne feroit travailler.

Le Financier fouriant lui dit :
Ah ça, mon ami, je veux vous rendre heureux.
Tenez, voilà cent louis d'or que je vous donne :
Gardez les pour vous servir, au befoin.
Le Savetier crut voir tout l'or qu'il y a au monde.

Il le remercia à fa façon,
En lui faifant de profondes révérences.
De retour chez lui, il enterra fon argent
Dans fa cave : il ne travailla point le refte du jour :

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

- 10.] And lights on lids unfullied with a tear. YOUNG.
20.] Who fung fo sweetly, and who fung fo long. POPE.
31.] The fpeaker feems to pay his Lordship a compliment, by mentioning only the holidays, and leaving it to his sagacity to collect the confequence.
33.] Perhaps it was something elfe that his Lordship fmiled at : but the concealing it from the reader was neceffary to keep up his fufpence.
45.—48.] The original here is too obfcure. But the Tranflation may poffibly be right. Thofe who knew human nature will perceive that this fudden tranfition was not impoffible.
56.] Mackbeth has murder'd fleep ! SHAKESPEAR.
57.] And all about it wand'ring ghofts did vail and howl. SPENSER.

SENTIMENTAL FABLES. 127

Next he invites the man of happy state,
 Who sung so sweetly, early, and so late. 20
 Blith CRISPIN, smiling heard the message sent;
 His apron loos'd, and caroll'd as he went.
 —“ Say, jolly COBLER, What thy year's amount?”
 “ A year's, my LORD! that's not the way I count.
 “ Happy is CRISPIN, (troth, he asks no more,) 25
 “ To keep the wolf but safely from the door.
 “ But each day brings me bread.”—“ Well! CRISPIN, come,
 “ Of each day's labour say the average sum?”
 “ O fir, the gen'ral sum were hard to guess:
 “ Tis sometimes more, my LORD, and sometimes less. 30
 “ But for red-letter days—and such like stuff—
 “ Else might these hands support one well enough.”
 Charm'd with his frank address, his LORDSHIP smil'd:
 “ Here take this purse; 'twill make thee happy child.
 “ These hundred luidores—these I freely give: 35
 “ A chearful soul deserves the means to live.
 “ Preserve them; use them with a sparing hand,
 “ Thy best resource when labour's at a stand.”
 —What heaps of smiling ore his fancy feast!
 He felt himself a Nabob,—at the least. 40
 With artless manner paid his homage due,
 And, his profound obeisance done, withdrew.
 Thence safely home convey'd with pleasing toil,
 He lock'd, far in a cellar's depth, the spoil.
 And till the mid-day hour disdain'd to work 45
 (He vow'd) for Christian, Heathen, Jew or Turk:
 But ere the following eve, with frowning grace
 Deep furrow'd care sat featur'd on his face.

128 FABLES SENTIMENTALES.

La nuit suivante, il ne dormit pas :
 Et le lendemain quand il se remit au travail,
 Plus de chant. Il perdit la voix
 Et le sommeil, dès le moment
 Qu'il eut reçu ce qui devoit le rendre heureux.
 Il craignoit jour et nuit
 Qu'on ne lui volât son trésor :
 Au moindre bruit qu'il entendoit,
 Il croyoit que quelqu'un crochetoit sa cave.
 A la fin, heureusement pour le pauvre homme,
 Il resolut de se délivrer de son inquiétude :
 Et reportant cet or, qui en étoit la cause,
 Chez celui qui le lui avoit donné,
 Reprenez, lui-dit-il, vous Louis-d'or,
 Et me rendez ma joie et mon sommeil.

NOTES and IMITATIONS.

- 59.] The gentle show'r is scarce to patter heard. THOMSON.
 59.—60.] Starts at the moon-shine shadow of a rush,
 And sees a red coat rise from every bush. DRYDEN.
 65.] She, whom my restless gratitude has sought. THOMSON.
 "I have omitted the Moral in the last Fable," says the French Compiler, "because, as the morality to be inculcated is obvious at every line, it would rather have been unbecoming than useful in its usual place."
 —And the Translator has thought proper to follow his example.

And rolling, tossing, all the livelong night !—
Sleep from his thorny pillow wing'd her flight. 50

Next day, resum'd his task, resum'd his chant,
His crack'd voice falters, and his heartstrings pant.
That fatal morn that gave the tempting lure,
And bade each future moment glide secure ;
That fatal morn, that bade his soul rejoice, 55

Had stabb'd his slumbers, and unstrung his voice.
Grim spectres day and night around him roar'd ;
Each stranger's eye seem'd darting tow'rd his hoard.
He heard, in every shower that pattering fell,
A blood-stain'd ruffian burst into his cell. 60

Poor CRISPIN vow'd at last (so heaven assign'd,)
To gain the long-lost tenor of his mind ;
To yield that treasure from whose springs arose
The deluge that o'erwhelm'd his soul with woes.
Down the dark cave his flying footsteps fought, 65
And to his LORDSHIP all his mis'ry brought ;
Restor'd ; and thus his wond'ring friend address'd :
“ Take, take your gen'rous present to its chest.
“ Take back, my LORD, this endless source of pain,
“ And give my comfort and sweet sleep again.”

11:7:49

P O S T C R I P T.

THROUGH the task of Annotation, which was attended with more labour than difficulty, the Author hopes he has, in general, conducted himself with a disinterested spirit. It cannot be denied that some symptoms of vanity appear in the notes upon a few of the first Fables: but, as some excuse, it will be observed that the succeeding ones are written with greater caution. From that employment several more inconveniences have sprung than were foreseen at the beginning. For, first the time which was intended to have been devoted to the correction of the press, was diverted into a different channel. Secondly, the notes themselves are in many places inaccurate; and in the allusions and authorities, a great part of which were cited *memoriter*, some verbal mistakes will be found. —By the bye, it may perhaps be a question with some of his Readers, Whether all, most, or any of the Quotations were really alluded to, at the time of translating; or added afterwards, for the reason mentioned in the *Advertisement*? Now, the Author, willing to gratify his Readers on every fair occasion, answers, That, perhaps, none of these Quæries has exactly hit the case. But he assures them, that he had prepared a few *real imitations*, from a different language, which he was prevailed upon to suppress; tho' by so doing, he was obliged to be more diffusive than he wished to have been in his prose observations. Lastly, and above all,—to the irreparable loss of the versifying world!—the Essay, which was designed to have engrossed the leisure moments of two months, must now be dispatched (for it will not be finished) in the compass of two or three weary evenings.